Saturday Review

MAY 18, 1963 25¢

"The Pigeon" by Gordon Parks (See Photography in the Fine Arts)

EDUCATION

THE EDUCATION OF WOMEN

Articles by Nell Eurich, Edward D. Eddy, Jr. Pauline Tompkins

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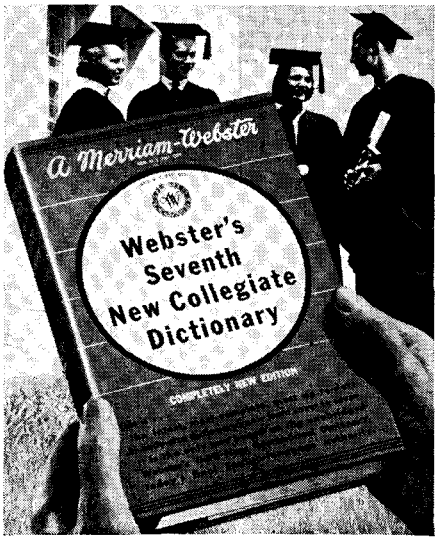

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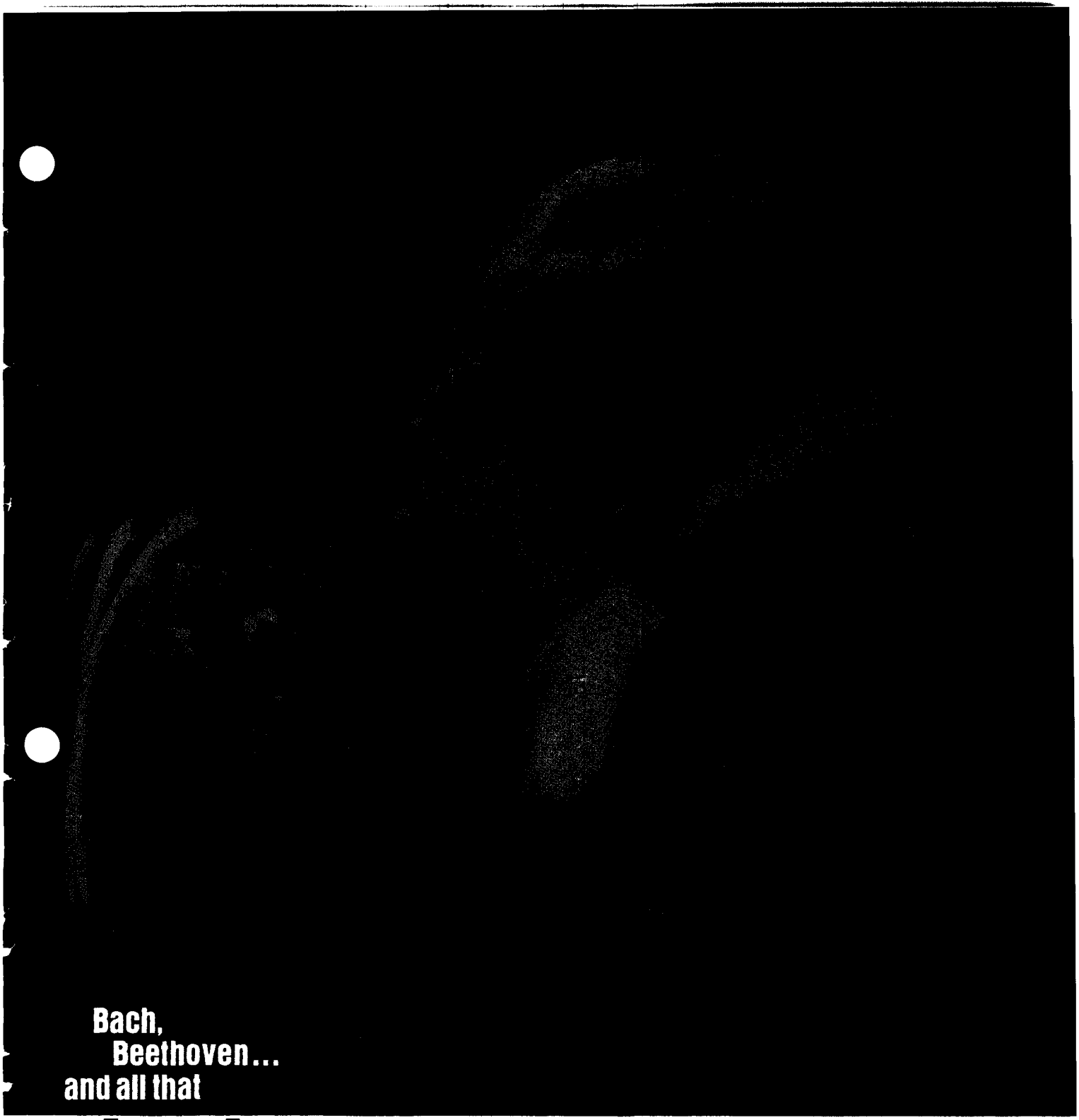

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The fountains mingle with the river
And the rivers with the ocean;
My corporation worships yours
With a $weet devotion.

Nothing in the world is $ingle;
Capital, by law divine,
With other people's dough would mingle—
Why not mine with thine?

See how duPont clasps GM,
Look what happened to GE.
What are all these mergers worth
If I merge not thee?

—BRADFORD $MITH.

• • •

ALWAYS A GRAND DUKE

I MET a Russian Grand Duke once. He was the only Grand Duke I have ever known. He was on the bottom of the list in the line of succession, but the way royalty was being liquidated after the Revolution he had a good chance of getting to the top and becoming the Czar of all Russia—in exile, of course.

He was not an ordinary Grand Duke. Some Russian radicals considered him one of their own and likened him to the Orleansky Duke—Louis Philippe d'Orléans, a great-great-grandson of Louis XIV who identified himself with the Revolution and changed his name to Philippe Egalité. My Grand Duke's claim to radicalism was more modest. Shortly before the Revolution he eloped with a singer. He was promptly disinherited, stripped of his military rank, and exiled to a distant region. After the Revolution the Bolsheviks wanted to utilize the Grand Duke as a martyr of the old regime, but they could not locate him.

Then one day in the spring of 1921, the Grand Duke and his wife appeared in Riga, formerly a Russian city and now the capital of a new country—Latvia. I worked as a cub reporter on a Russian newspaper there and was sent to interview the famous Grand Duke who had defied the throne and married a commoner.

Once a Grand Duke

The couple stopped in a dingy old hotel. The Grand Duchess answered my knock. She put a finger to her lips.

"Sh-sh," she said in a theatrical whisper. "His Highness is resting. He is very tired."

She indicated a chair and I tiptoed to it. She was very lovely and, I thought enviously, worth the sacrifice of an inheritance.

"It was a very tiresome journey," she said. "Please forgive the squalid surroundings. We are very poor." She sighed. "We are most anxious to get to London. His Highness has written to Cousin George."

Cousin George was George V of England, a cousin of the late Czar and an indifferent dispenser of aid to fugitive members of the Russian imperial house.

The door of an adjoining room opened, the Grand Duke emerged, and I immediately lost the power of speech. The Grand Duchess came to my rescue. "How is Anna?" she said. "I understand that she, too, is in London. Haven't seen her since our Saint Petersburg days together. I mean Anna Pavlova, naturally."

I stammered a reply to the effect that I knew nothing of the whereabouts of Anna Pavlova. It was absolutely true.

"Poor Anna," the Grand Duchess said compassionately. "They tell me she married an Englishman."

I summoned all my courage and opened my mouth to begin my interview with the Grand Duke when his wife exclaimed: "O my goodness! Tea! I forgot about the tea! What will you think of me? You will think I am remiss as a hostess!" She turned to the Grand Duke: "Your Highness, will you light the *primus* and put a kettle on!" The *primus* was (and still is) the ubiquitous and invaluable kerosene cooker that served (and serves) the Russians from cradle to grave. The Grand Duke did as he was told.

The Grand Duchess looked around and exclaimed again: "Lemons and cookies! We have no lemons and cookies! Your Highness, will you run out and get some lemons and cookies!"

His Highness emptied one of the traveling cases onto the sofa, picked it up and walked out of the room. The Grand Duchess continued to enterta me with small talk. A few minutes later the Grand Duke returned, opened the traveling case, and extracted two small packages. A Grand Duke (even an exiled one) never allows himself to be

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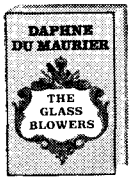

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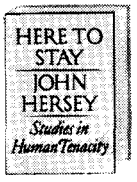

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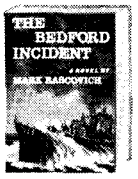

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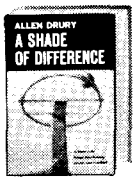

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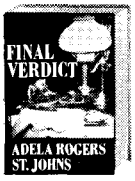

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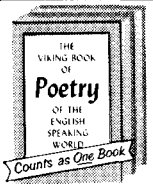

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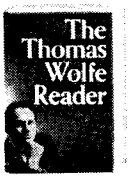

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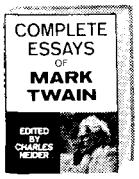

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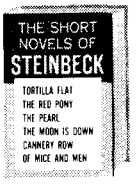

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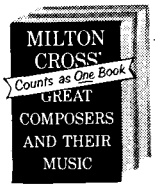

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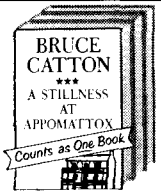

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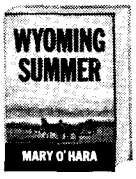

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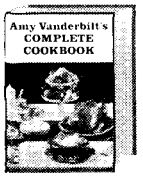

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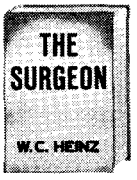

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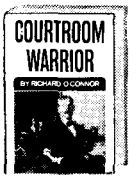

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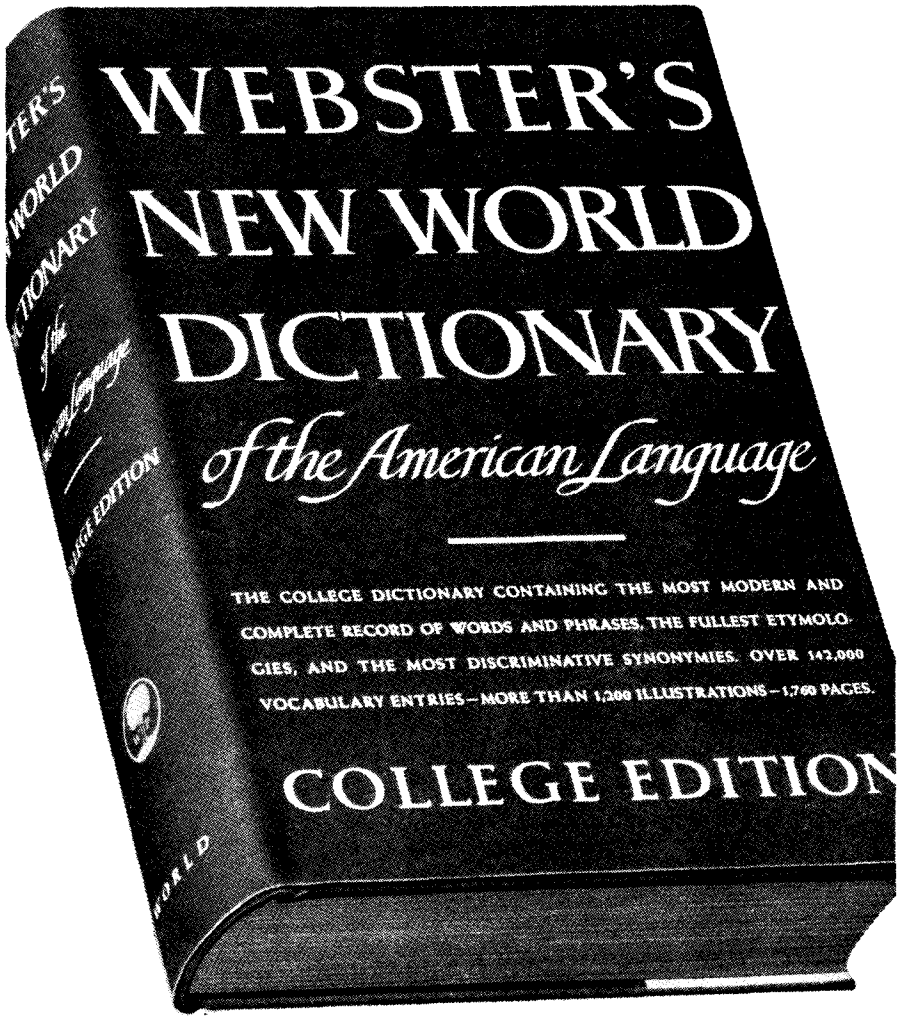
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• • •

I REMEMBER BETTY CROCKER

MY mother was a wonderful cook. I remember the tantalizing smells in the kitchen when I came home from school. Mama turned out every kind of cake imaginable. I remember the roseate hues in the rows of boxes on her pantry shelf. I remember Pillsbury, Duncan Hines, and Dromedary. But most of all I remember Betty Crocker.

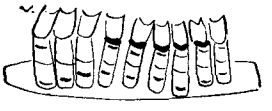
To watch Mama bake a Betty Crocker was to watch poetry in motion. There was the exquisitely poignant way she tore off the box top, the quicksilver motions of her hands as she added an egg and some water, the effervescent fillip she gave the knob of the electric mixer—all the while humming my favorite tune, "Nothin' says lovin' like somethin' in the oven."

And my, how I loved Mama! I was the most envied boy in the neighborhood because Mama always made gingerbread for breakfast. Each morning she would rise at dawn, add some water to the dough that Aunt Jemima packaged in a sturdy plastic bag, tie up the bag, and squeeze it twenty times. (One of my fondest memories is of my sister and me fighting for a turn to squeeze the Aunt Jemima.)

The high point of my youth was my birthday dinner. There wasn't another woman on earth who could defrost Mrs. Paul's Frozen Fried Eggplant Sticks the way Mama did, or who could drop the yummy plastic bag filled with Stouffer's Frozen Creamed Spinach into a pot of boiling water with such élan. To make my favorite salad, Mama would snip open a bag of greens and gaily toss with Porky Manero's Gorgonzola Salad Dressing. The birthday cake was always a Betty Crocker, accompanied by a gurgling glass of freshly mixed Starlac for the children and a steaming cup of Instant Sanka with Pream for Mama and Papa.

Oh, those tender names of my youth! I remember Mrs. Paul and Mrs. Butterworth and Aunt Jemima, but most of all I remember Porky Manero.

I've never married. No one could squeeze that bag of gingerbread the way Mama could. But I'm content. I live on the dear memories of my childhood and a cupboard full of Mrs. Grass's Chicken-y-Rich Chicken Soup It's keen. —Carol K. Schachter.



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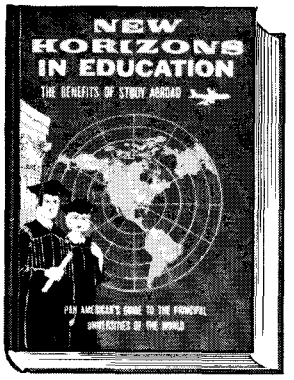

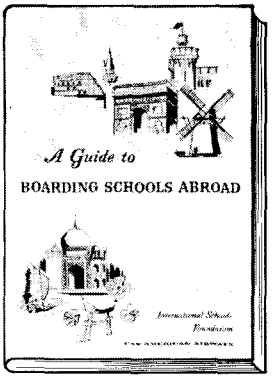

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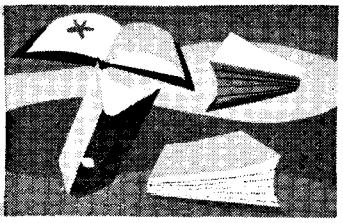

WE FIRST RAN INTO the habit-forming game known as "Tom Swifty's" while riding in on the train with Gil Fates, the Goodson-Todman producer who has been pushing such shows as *I've Got a Secret, What's My Line?* and others high on the rating meters. Fates mentioned that his whole office had been going out of its mind trying to create choice bits of dialogue for the game, which combines the old Tom Swift form of dialogue with totally ridiculous verbs, adverbs, and phrases. (Example: "I'm a plumber," he piped. Or: "My name is Bridge," he said archly.)

It got its start on the air after panelist Bill Cullen, of *I've Got a Secret*, saw the game mentioned in a newspaper that neither he nor anyone else on his staff can remember. (Some thought it was the Manchester *Guardian*, which Cullen enjoys. More likely, it was the Minneapolis *Tribune*, in which columnist Will Jones has been toying with the game for some time now.)

Goodson-Todman adapted the idea for an upcoming show and, in the process, staff members caught the bug. Thev've been turning out their own candidates for the Tom Swifty list. Among Fates's favorites:

"That makes 144," he said grossly.

"I drove from Maine to California," he stated.

"Let's have some coffee," he spouted.

"That dog has no pedigree," he muttered.

"Enough of your fairy tales," he said grimly.

"Stop hounding me," he barked.

"Turn the thermostat down," he said heatedly.

"Your are not permitted to cross the border," he said guardedly.

"We have a goodly supply of ice cubes," he replied coldly.

"You have a sharp sense of humor," he remarked pointedly.

"Pass me the lemons," he said acidly.

"Listen to the birdies sing," she chirped.

"Give it to me on the level," he said flatly.

"Quick, Watson, the needle," he said in a serious vein.

"It's Greenwich time," I mean.

"Help me into my dress," she snapped.

"I never bathe," he said gamely.

"She couldn't get into her mink," he inferred.

ALTHOUGH NEW to most people, the game has been known for quite some time in Minneapolis, where it seems to have been born. It is also known in San Francisco, where a paperback titled *Tom Swifty's* was privately printed earlier this year.

The two circumstances are interestingly related, we learned when we talked to a gentleman named Paul Pease, a copy chief for a San Francisco advertising agency, who confessed to perpetrating the entire scourge. Mr. Pease told us that more than ten years ago his father used to deliver these quotations at the kitchen table, and it became a family game. He was living in Minneapolis at the time, and when he migrated to San Francisco a few years ago the idea of making a book out of the game still haunted him.

Fortunately, Bill McDonough, a friend of his in the advertising business, found himself between assignments, and helped him get the book out. It was illustrated by artist John Larrecq.

THE FIRST EDITION of *Tom Swifty's*, privately printed, numbered 5,000 copies, and was snapped up in the Bay area. The trio quickly printed another paperback edition of 100,000 copies, but they have not yet managed to get national distribution, and it therefore remains one of the biggest little-known books around. Nevertheless, they're still a little dazed by the success of their venture.

"We're having a lot of fun with it," Mr. Pease told us on the phone, "and things look pretty rosy for the future. We're already into greeting cards, turtle-neck sweatshirts—something like

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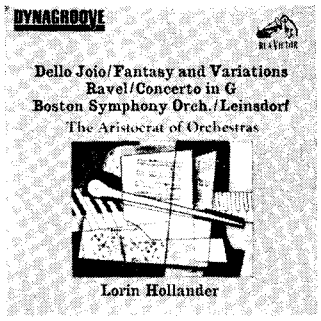

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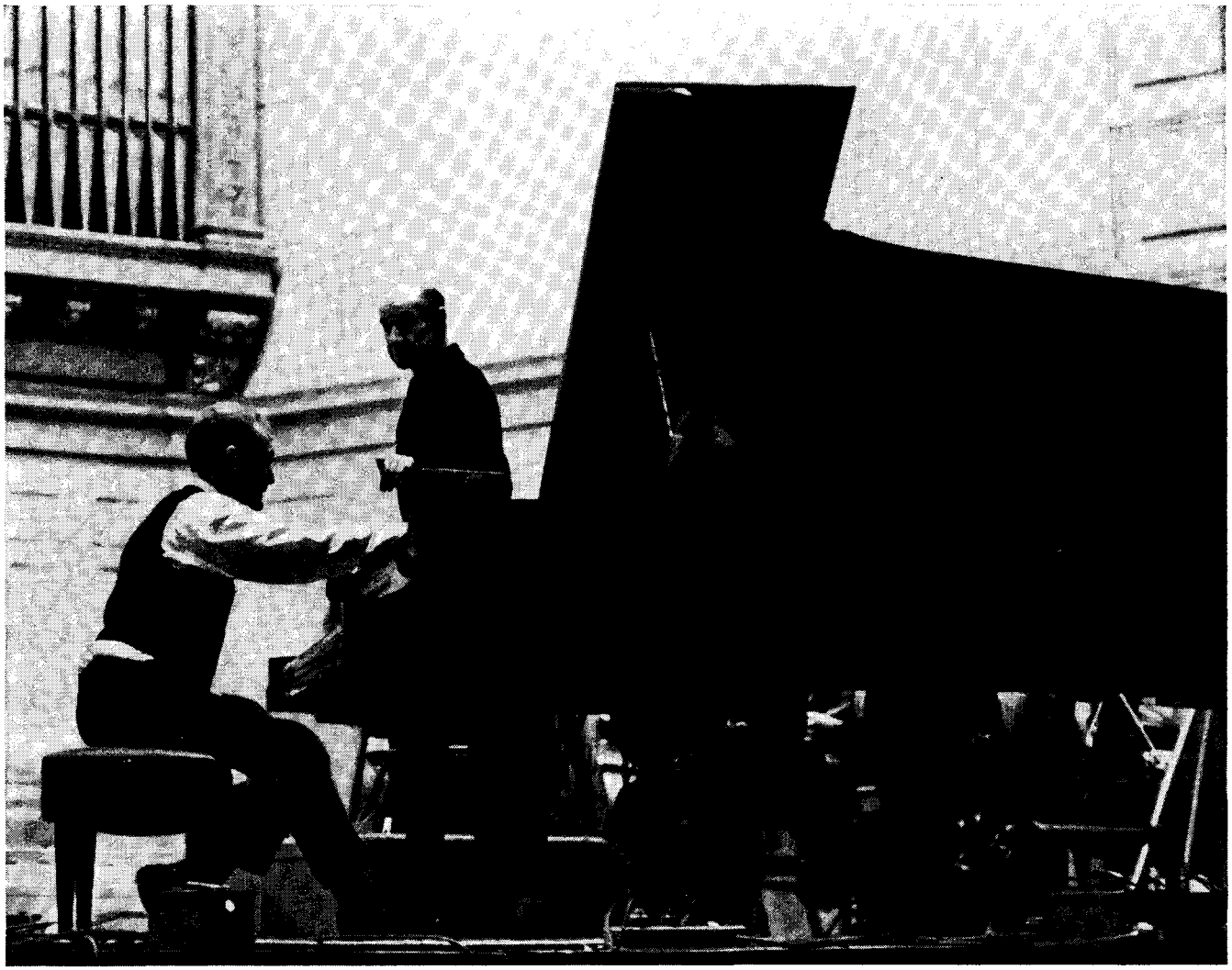

Seated in Boston's Symphony Hall, we have just heard a dazzling performance of Ravel's *Concerto in G*. The artist is young Lorin Hollander, the first soloist chosen by Erich Leinsdorf to record with the Boston Symphony. Now, after a break, they begin the 1st recorded performance of Dello Joio's *Fantasy* written especially for Mr. Hollander. Midway through the part marked "Allegro vivo," Mr. Leinsdorf stops the orchestra. Pointing to the red-headed virtuoso, he says softly, "More brilliance, please." It seems an incredible request. Could he play more brilliantly? The answer is on the album. His fiery brilliance is extraordinary! No wonder the young Mr. Hollander has been critically acclaimed as ". . . a superb artist, undoubtedly the outstanding member of his generation." Recorded in Dynagroove, the sound is so alive you'll find yourself right in the concert hall.

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the kind Tom Swift used to wear, you might remember—and cocktail napkins, which, of course, Tom would never touch. I like to think of this as a sudden success, but then it actually took eleven years to get moving."

AFTER ALL OUR investigation of the Tom Swifty syndrome, we heard later from Marvin Bensman, an English teacher from Sheboygan, Wisconsin. In his letter, he traced the whole history of the game for us, and added: "As an English teacher, I use these Tom Swifty's to approach an understanding of the adverb, and the complexities of the native language."

In this case, at least, it seems that the race is to the Swifty's.

IN THE MIDST OF ALL this confusion we took time out for lunch with the disarming and talented twenty-year-old English author of *Coronet Among the Weeds*, Charlotte Bingham. Her head is spinning right now from the success of her book in England, and it seems likely that it will have a similar reception here.

It's not hard to understand how she found herself at the novelist's typewriter so early. Her father is the seventh Baron Clanmorris, known to American readers as suspense writer John Bingham. Her mother is a prolific author and dramatist writing not as Lady Bingham, but simply as Madeleine Bingham. "The title doesn't go over so well with English readers," she said.

They have their own favorite version of a literary game. They take badly written descriptive phrases from novels, and try to act them out.

"Try to act this out," Charlotte told us: "'He had a slightly sardonic look playing around his lips.' I defy you to show that expression. Or: 'She nodded delicately, with a wispy veil over her eyes.'" Charlotte tried this one herself, and, charming as she was, couldn't manage it. —JOHN G. FULLER.

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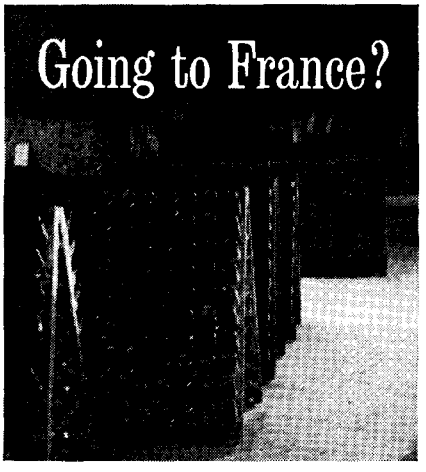

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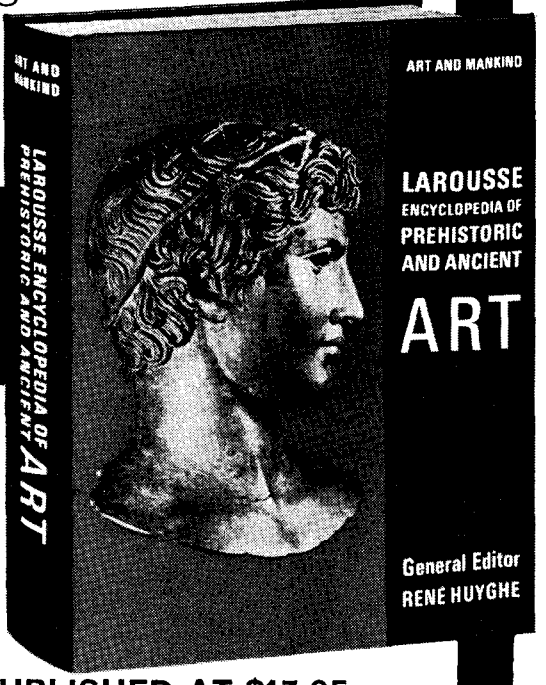
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Sixty-Five Acres of History

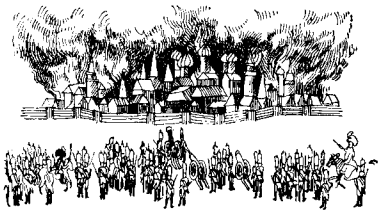
As he watches NBC-TV's full-hour color special on "The Kremlin" the night of May 21, the thoughtful viewer may be amazed that Russia should have permitted us to take this unprecedented look beyond the walls of Moscow's fabled citadel. Well, brother, that makes two of us.

For while we'd long entertained hope of shooting such a film, it was about as remote a prospect as the Mets' winning (or even losing) a World Series. After all, even *Russian* television cameramen had never been allowed to film such inside-the-Kremlin landmarks as Lenin's apartment, the private chapel of the czars and the meeting Hall of the Supreme Soviet.

Mission to Moscow

But one optimistic day last June, Vice President Julian Goodman dispatched NBC News' Russian-speaking Lucy Jarvis to Moscow. Her mission (as associate producer): To gain permission for a film that would unreel Russia's history in terms of the color-rich architecture, icons, furniture and paintings of the palaces, cathedrals and government offices within the 65-acre Kremlin triangle.

Very much in Miss Jarvis' favor was the respect she had won from Soviet big-wigs two years ago, when Izvestia editor Aleksei Adzhubei (the son-in-law of Premier Khrushchev) came to the States for a freedom-of-the-press debate on a Jarvis-produced "The Nation's Future." Even so, it now took her two months to get an official green light for the "Kremlin" special.



Shortly afterward, Producer George A. Vicas, head of NBC News' Paris-based European Production Unit, arrived in Moscow with his crew. And once the filming actually got under way, the Russians couldn't have been more cooperative. To aid in our recreating their stormy history, they permitted us to use many crowns, scepters, jewels and other priceless relics that hadn't been out of their glass cases for generations.

They allowed us to simulate the 1812 burning of the Kremlin, a "conflagration" Vicas brought off so realistically that it drew a dozen Soviet fire engines (red) to the scene —despite their having been forewarned.

We were even granted permission to set up and fire a cannon in the middle of the Kremlin's Cathedral Square. This was done to recreate the explosive farewell of the pretender Dmitri, whose cinders—after he'd been hacked into pieces and incinerated—were placed in a cannon and fired off in the direction of his fellow-conspirators' native Poland.

Wall-to-Wall Coverage

In short, scarcely any request was denied Producer Vicas or NBC News Correspondent Frank Bourgholtzer —who'll be seen delivering the on-the-spot commentary. Largely as a result of this cooperation (and, of course, the narrative artistry of Vicas' cameras) the American viewer will be treated to a unique, eight-century panorama of Russian history, broadcast in magnificent color. All those spires, towers and cupolas should never seem quite so mysterious again.

NBC

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Saturday Review
MAY 18, 1963

By HAROLD TAYLOR

WHAT THE FAMILY ISN'T TEACHING

Are American parents—and the schools their children attend—sacrificing the true purposes of education in favor of a dangerous academic competition?

EVERYTHING educates, and some things educate more than others. Springtime educates, for example. So do sunsets, winters, poems, the ocean, plays, books, sounds, situations, people, and, in the last analysis, raw experience.

The direction of learning is from emotion to thought to expression in words, symbols, or symbolic action of some kind—not the reverse, as most educators think. Educators think that by exposure to symbols, words, and connected concepts, thoughts will be formed and children will become educated; they will be able to read, write, and speak what they have learned. Education should, then, be formal, academic, and confined to the classroom.

This puts the matter backward, of course, but the educational system keeps going along backward and its critics keep attacking it for the wrong reason. They don't attack it for going backward, but for not being backward enough, not giving children more symbols, more words, concepts, and facts in a shorter time. This is known among experts as the Rickover effect.

If we begin by assuming that what educates deeply is the immediate experience of a child within each situation in which he is placed, then the family is what educates the most and the soonest, since the child is born into it. The personal relations within the family begin working as educational instruments as soon as the child is born. Here are contained values of all kinds—political, moral, social, esthetic, spiritual—that suffuse his life.

These values cannot, however, be properly understood unless we also understand something about their sources. Nor can they be constructively shaped unless we devise some anecdotes for certain of their manifestations.

The main historical fact that has set the conditions for life in the twentieth century is, of course, the impact of science and scientific knowledge. As Robert Oppenheimer has observed, this has given us an age "in which our work, our leisure, our economy, and an increasingly large part of the very quality of our lives, are based on the application of newly acquired knowledge of nature to practical human problems, in which size, egalitarianism, flux, are the social hallmarks of a continuing cognitive revolution."

He goes on to describe the consequences of the new age: "I have been much concerned that in this world we have so largely lost the ability to talk with one another. In the great succession of deep discoveries, we have become removed from one another in tradition, and in a certain measure even in language. We have had neither the time nor the skill nor the dedication to tell one another what we have learned, nor to listen, nor to welcome its enrichment of the common culture and the common understanding. Thus the public sector of our lives, what we have and hold in common, has suffered, as have the illumination of the arts, the deepening of justice and virtue, the ennobling of power and of our common discourse. We are less men for this. Our specialized traditions flourish; our private beauties thrive; but in those high undertakings where man derives strength and insight from the public excellence, we have been impoverished. We hunger for nobility; the rare words and acts that harmonize simplicity and truth. In this I see some connection with the great unresolved public problems: survival, liberty, fraternity."

In these great unresolved public problems we find our greatest frustrations. We not only hunger for the rare words and acts, but we grope for the ways in which the greatest disaster of all—nuclear destruction—can somehow be avoided. Yet as we look, all decisions affecting our future seem to have been taken out of our hands, and the dilemma of the modern citizen is that, having seen the possibilities of disaster or survival, he sees no way in which his own acts can change the flow of history.

Consequently, the citizen inclines to accept the situation in which he finds himself. He accepts the palliatives by which he may conceal from himself the reality of what comes next. The fallout shelters of New York where each can find his allotted space to die, the shots to the moon by which one may distract oneself from the situation of the earth, the ideologies that one can blame for creating a new world condition—all these have become more important to the citizen than the deliberate assertion of his own alternatives to a mood of acquiescence and resignation.

How does this affect the family?

The effect has been for families to allow the educational system to become an instrument of cold war policy, and to sanction programs in which teachers are asked to teach children how to cower in basements, their hands covering their eyes, in one of the most ex-

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Harold Taylor, author and educator, currently serves as vice chairman of the National Committee for Support of the Public Schools. This article is based on a recent report prepared for the 75th anniversary conference of the Child Study Association of America.

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traordinary displays of organized irrationality and indignity American politics has ever spawned.

Consider a recent account of the nuclear-age school in New Mexico that appeared under the headline "New Mexico Students Pursue Knowledge Underground." In what is surely as chuckle-headed an opening paragraph as one could hope to find, the account begins:

> Betsy Anne Hart, a fourth-grader in Artesia, New Mexico, learned something new at school the other day. "Mother," she burst out when she got home, "did you know there is a room for dead people at our school?"
>
> Having a morgue on the premises is just one of the things that makes Betsy Anne's school unusual. For Abo Public Elementary School, named for a nearby oil formation, is the only school in the nation which lies entirely underground—and which doubles as a fully equipped fallout shelter.

The effect has also been to persuade the family to lend support to the idea that our educational system should be converted into an instrument for supplying the manpower for the military-industrial establishment. The political forces loose in the world have impinged themselves on the consciousness of the American parent in a variety of ways, not least in the anxiety they have induced for doing something called "strengthening the American educational system to meet the Soviet challenge."

Under the constant admonitions of public figures to eliminate the frills of education—such frills as learning how to live, how to enjoy a poem, and how to think for oneself—the American family has joined the national race to compete with the Soviet Union in academic achievement, an achievement whose goals are set, not by a conception of the educated man as an enlightened world citizen, but by the pressure to pass examinations in academic subjects at the earliest possible age.

Until recently, the child has at least been safe in the nursery school. But even here danger now threatens—in the form of those who wish to ferret out native talent for scholastic achievement—and the child, if he is not clever enough to disguise his ability from the talent scouts, may find himself whisked off on the road to MIT before he is fairly out of the sandbox.

The danger was revealed at its height when a father in Oregon discovered that his son was not receiving the grades in college that he thought his offspring entitled to. The father took direct action to correct the defect. "During the winter vacation after his first term in college," said the father, "we sat down with pencil and paper. Taking a seven-day week of 168 hours, we discovered that after we had given him eight hours of sleep, three hours a day for meals, time for church on Sunday, class time, and dates on Friday and Saturday nights, he still had sixty-five hours of time for which he could not account." The father thereupon invented a system of daily reports to be sent home, on which the son set down how each hour in the day, from 7 A.M. to 11 P.M., had been spent. Said the father: "From a very low grade point average in the fall term, his grades rose spectacularly and continued at a relatively high level until he graduated last June."

The father, having discovered a winning system, instituted it for his second son upon his entrance into college, and things went very well grade-wise (as I am sure he must have put it) from that point on.

THIS is an extreme form of a national neurosis already infecting the American family, by which the attitude of parents has been corrupted into a demand for academic achievement that sacrifices the true purpose of education in favor of an obedience to the national will.

Where is there now room for growing up? Where is there room for those hours of idleness and talk that can serve to establish a personal character for the student who does not yet know who he is? For those hours in which the accidental, the peculiar, the informal, the idiosyncratic may have their chance to be?

I do not argue against the discipline of work whose demands are serious and explicit, but I suggest that to identify the goals of life with the achievement of the superficial triumphs of grade-getting is to deny the value of life itself. Yet this identification now dominates American family attitudes.

The family has also been affected by the pervasive confusion over the relative values of liberty and restraint.

When the thinkers of the nineteenth century gave the lie to the notion that the human person was destined to be just exactly what his parents and his society had determined he would be, they unleashed a flood of energy and ideas that is only now receiving its full recognition. The insight of the avant-garde nineteenth-century thinkers was that the class system—for the family, the church, the state, the school—was no longer a viable social concept. The individual had a right to be himself. He should come to terms with the state, and establish his own point of view as a citizen. He should come to terms with his own God, who might quite possibly be dead. He should come to terms with his own family, which represented, by its values, the authority of church, state, and society. The family was no longer to be regarded as the source of personal authority and the sole arbiter of values and conduct.

That revolution has now worked itself out. Contemporary youth the world over no longer feels itself bound to the values of the older generation or bound to accept the moral and political principles handed down from the past. The

"You think I enjoy nagging you?"

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student riots in Latin America, Asia, and Africa over the past few years are assertions of independence, if nothing else, from the authority of the establishment, of which the family is a part.

In America, the independence of the younger generation from the authority of the family is established much earlier than at any time in the past. This is due in part to the fact that the present generation of parents in America has grown up to believe that children should have the maximum of freedom at an early age. Parents of this generation have learned well the lessons of liberal child-rearing in the twentieth century. But in learning these lessons, they have encountered another set of problems. If the child emancipates himself from parental authority at the age of twelve or fourteen, and is free to make many of his own personal and social decisions, then he throws himself upon the values of his society and must sacrifice the mediating effect of his parents' judgments about the quality of the decisions he is making.

Formerly, when the family did make such judgments, the younger generation had to deal with a set of ideas and values that served as a standard from which it could deviate if it were so inclined. But with earlier emancipation, there is nothing to deviate from, since he young person is already adrift with his own age group, adapting himself to group values and attitudes that determine his place in life.

WE therefore find ourselves in a curious situation. Because family attitudes have become permissive about the activities and attitudes of the younger generation, this generation adapts itself to the values of society without reference to the ideas of the family. Young people have, in a sense, been told to be emancipated. They therefore take emancipation as a value, but often have nowhere to go with it.

At the same time, the family has declined to take responsibility for the attitudes of youth, and in fact confesses itself to be bewildered by the confusion of all values in a situation of national and international ambiguity.

The result of all this is that the school and college are given the responsibility formerly held by the family. It is assumed that something will be done there to sustain the ideals of moral enlightenment, personal responsibility, and spiritual enrichment. But this is very rarely the case. Family attitudes reinforce existing social values —for popularity, approval, adaptation to the academic system, material reward—and schools and colleges accept the existing values without moral counterforce to transform them. Students bring into the high schools the dominant conceptions they have absorbed from their society, the social structure of the high school reinforces the social values of the world outside, and the cycle is complete, since the role of the educator is seldom conceived as that of the re-creation of all values and the recapitulation in the life of the student of those moral and intellectual inquiries that are the mark of true scholarship and true citizenship.

"Tomorrow then--same time, same place!"

Or consider our universities. Here, too, the purpose of education is seldom conceived to be anything more than providing the academic materials by which the student can achieve a degree, with all its material rewards and possibilities. Faculty members take as their task the manufacture, refinement, and distribution of knowledge to those who come by the hundreds before them; rarely are the big questions of truth, justice, beauty, and human destiny raised. Philosophy, the love of wisdom and the pursuit of ultimate conviction, is put in a department of the university where information about systems of philosophy is dispensed at the rate of three credits per student.

Young people are also affected by the fact that things are not going well with the American economy. Because of our obsession with launching objects and people into space and our reliance on the sterility of a military economy for the creation of new growth within the economic system, we simply do not have enough work for our young people to do unless they are sufficiently trained to enter the technological and business culture. Until we turn our attention back to the problems of the public, until we begin to use more of our massive budget for education and the public welfare, we are going to present to our young people only two alternatives —a policy of drift or a policy of competitive ambition. In either case, we will not be reaching the roots of idealism and action that are latent in the young, and that are, in fact, latent in every human being.

THE family has lost its moral authority and is now only a repository of existing cultural and social values. I suggest tht it can regain its moral authority, not by reinstating the authoritarian role it once occupied, but by the direct involvement of parents in the moral and political issues that are shaking the world. And one of these issues is the personal worth of the child considerede as an end in himself.

We have seen the young Negro in the South asserting a moral leadership without aid from his family, his school, or his elders. We have seen white students going to his aid, often against the wishes of their families, always against the pressures of their society. We have seen young people volunteering for the Peace Corps or forming their private projects, ready to serve humanity at the point of its greatest need.

The only moral authority to which the young now respond is that of example. The hunger for nobility, for the "rare words and acts that harmonize simplicity and truth," is a reality for them, and the nourishment of their spirit will come from those who care to involve themselves in the struggle to solve the problems of "survival, liberty, and fraternity."

In seeking to become worthy of the respect of mankind, the citizen-parent can also hope to become worthy of the respect of his children.

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MARTIN LEVIN
ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON
MARGARET R. WEISS
JOHN T. WINTERICH

The Twilight of the Dove

THE WARSAW Ghetto Uprising, which blazed forth twenty years ago this spring, was a battle of Stalingrad in miniature. Just as they had at Stalingrad, the Nazis tried to blitz the Warsaw Ghetto, then had to settle for a gruelling house-to-house siege, marked by extremes of passion, agony, and heroism among the defenders.

At this point, however, the resemblance between the two battles ends. Stalingrad was a clash between two great armies. But the Warsaw Ghetto action was conceived by the Nazi high command as a turkey shoot, in which a few mechanized S. S. and *Wehrmacht* units would obliterate 70,000 half-starved, presumably defenseless Jewish civilians.

In the end, the Nazis lost both battles. At Stalingrad they lost in the conventional sense, suffering one of the monumental routs of all history. And though they burned or blew up almost every building in the Ghetto, and directly or indirectly killed almost every inhabitant, they lost in Warsaw, too.

For one thing, they suffered heavy losses in personnel, equipment, and prestige. For another, the example of the Jewish heroes who resisted them has ever since then given heart to men confronted by Nazi-style tyranny.

President Kennedy's recent proclamation commemorating the uprising is eloquent proof that the spirit of the Ghetto fighters has survived their martyrdom.

Who were these heroes of the Ghetto? They were, at the outset, quite ordinary men and women. Many of them were not even natives of Warsaw, but had been rounded up in other parts of Poland and transported to the 1,000-acre Ghetto.

In the early years of the war, the Ghetto's population rose from 250,000 to 360,000. But by the first part of 1943, hunger, epidemics, and the evacuation of Jews to death camps had lowered their number to about 70,000.

As one Ghetto dweller wrote in his diary: "They consist in their majority of ghastly apparitions, wretched, ragged fellows, woeful remains of human beings. On the streets, children scream, cry, die of hunger. About 1,000 die monthly of epidemics."

IN the first months of 1943 a resistance group, the Jewish Fighters Organization, began to attack non-German soldiers sent to round up Ghetto inhabitants for deportation to gas chambers. The organization's weapons were rudimentary, consisting mainly of homemade grenades, acid bombs, and a few rifles and pistols. But under the leadership of a brilliant tactician, Mordechai Anielewicz, their meager armaments proved immensely effective.

As a result, the German general staff late in April ordered S. S. General Jürgen Stroop to descend on the Ghetto with tanks, cavalry, and artillery. The object of this onslaught was to wipe out the enclave to make way for the construction of a concentration camp.

All unsuspecting, General Stroop and his men found themselves trapped in the confining streets of the Ghetto, being cut to pieces by primitive weapons.

When Stroop retreated, and ordered his artillery to reduce the resistance buildings to rubble, the Jewish Fighters Organization promptly used the rubble as barricades, and the Master Race soldiers of General Stroop had to wriggle on their stomachs through sewers to get at their tormentors.

In his official report, which was later captured by the Allies, Stroop complained: "In one case, the engineers laid a strong concentrated charge. . . . A Jew emerged from the sewer, removed the fuse, . . . and appropriated the charge." Stroop also reported: "Over and over again, we have observed that Jews, . . . despite the danger of being roasted alive, prefer to return to the flames rather than risk falling into our hands."

For a month the battle mounted daily to new levels of frenzy, with the enraged Stroop calling up more and more shock troops. Finally, after thousands of Nazi troops had been diverted to the scene from other fronts, Stroop was able to boast in the May 16 entry of the report: "Apart from eight buildings, . . . the former Ghetto is completely destroyed."

In retrospect, it became evident that most of the Ghetto defenders had been young adults, both men and women, of whom about 13,000 perished. Some 50,000 noncombatants—elderly people and children—were captured and sent to the gas chambers. Only eighty prisoners of the Ghetto managed to escape, by crawling out through sewers.

According to legend, the Jews of ancient times recognized two kinds of *crepusculum*, or twilight: the twilight of the raven, which signified the onset of night, and the twilight of the dove, which heralded the coming of the new day. If they were familiar with this legend, the embattled heroes of the Ghetto must have wondered as they died whether their martyrdom was the prelude to an age of oppression or the presage of a day of hope and freedom.

Sad to say, it appears to have been neither. For the potential brilliance of our age is being severely dimmed by its nuclear horror, and by the fact of chronic hunger among half the world's population. It begins to look as if we emerged after the war into neither night nor day, but into a new twilight of our own making. One thing, however, seems clear. Old ideas of historical determinism are giving way to new historical respect for the scope of free will and the power of the individual in helping to fashion the collective destiny. This, after all, was the moral of the Ghetto Uprising. That moral has infinitely larger implications and possibilities today. —HALLOWELL BOWSER.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

POETRY AND POT SHOTS

In his article "Poetry in Three Dimensions" [*SR*, Apr. 20], John Ciardi seems to me to be excessively critical of what is admittedly an experiment in a new art form. I was particularly disturbed by his comment that some of the poems "might better have been engraved on sleeping tablets than given form in crystal." How can artists hope to find their way to significant new ideas if people like Mr. Ciardi take pot shots at them before they even get started? I recently saw Steuben's "Poetry in Crystal" exhibit and found it considerably more impressive than your article suggests.

L. R. Cranley.

Baltimore, Md.

The etching of illustrations on glass produced examples of trite embellishment rather than an integration of two- and three-dimensional concepts of form. Had Steuben Glass commissioned sculptors to deal with this medium, the outcome might have been significant art rather than the abominable gift-shop paperweights that resulted.

Linda Plotkin.

Pine Grove Mills, Pa.

THE PETRI DISH SOCIETY

Carl Bakal in "The Mathematics of Hunger" [*SR*, Apr. 27] has clearly shown that we can feed up to ten times the present world population and that we will be able to nourish many more in the future. Because of this ability, he belittles the need for checking our growth rate. At the present rate of growth, the planet will have, before the year 2200, more than 100 times as many people as it now has. They will eat algae if nothing else, but will they have adequate living space, shelter, clothing, clean water and air, education, recreation, and cultural opportunities?

Man's struggle for food is the least distinctive part of his history, because it is common to all life. That which does characterize man—his art and science—will be continually stifled as his resources are exploited more and more for the production of food. There is an optimum population for this world, beyond which mankind's humanity will lessen. There is little knowledge of this ideal number, but if we do not control our growth rate now, we may exceed it by a factor of ten or even a hundred in the near future. We must avoid becoming a world petri dish society that is unable to do more than expand as its food supply dictates; these conditions would not produce many Aristotles or Beethovens.

Richard B. Norgaard.

Oakland, Calif.

Carl Bakal's article was interesting and informative, but in following "a more optimistic majority" he has forsaken the whole essence of the problem. The problem is not food shortage but people abundance. That the earth might feed ten times her present population is irrelevant (as well as horrifying), for there is no reason to think that, at a world population level of thirty billion, population growth would be any slower than it is now; unless, of course, the mortality rate increased. If we are unwilling to suffer an increased mortality rate, the only way the population problem can find any permanent amelioration is through birth control. There is no other logical conclusion.

But perhaps the easiest solution lies in maintaining the gap between man's social and technological abilities, which will perhaps produce, as population density rises, increasingly numerous wars. These might turn out to be much more efficient population regulators than anything else man can come up with.

Stuart H. Hurlbert.

Ithaca, N.Y.

"Not bad, eh, considering what we bought this place from the Algonquins for?"

WRITERS ON CAMPUS

Sherman B. Chickering's article on college literary magazines ["A Change of Chemistry," *SR*, Apr. 27] was true to its formula, but the results were inadequate.

I take exception to his assertion that "most colleges recognize the value of the student literary magazine." At the last conference of the Collegiate Press Association in Detroit, most campus editors present expressed an opposite view. Perhaps it is different in the East, where Mr. Chickering appears to have done the majority of his research.

The college editors I talked to did not appreciate the "institutional help in overcoming . . . obstacles," which extended to the selection of manuscripts and the determination of editorial policy. They felt that the literary magazines that had the greatest amount of success, from the writer's view, were those with the least amount of "help." The best colleges had a hands-off attitude, allowing their writers to develop freely.

One of the things Mr. Chickering failed to mention is that deadly habit characterized by insistence on form, policy, and "maturity." Key words indicative of this state are "formal considerations," "criterion," "technical competence," and others studding Mr. Chickering's article.

Don Sager,
Cheshire Magazine,
University of Wisconsin.

Milwaukee, Wis.

THE ROYAL GAME

I want to thank and commend you for your two recent articles dealing with chess. I hope that you will publish more of them. Edward L. Katzenbach's "Poker, Pawns, and Power" [*SR*, Mar. 23] was witty, instructive, and very much to the present point. I suppose it would be impossible or un-American to ban poker, but it certainly would be desirable and feasible to teach chess in the early grades of all public schools.

And Robert O'Brien's "Bobby Fischer—Best in Chess?" [*SR*, Apr. 27] was better than anything else I have read about him.

Please continue to open your pages to articles, cartoons, and columns about the royal game. It should be an important feature of American cultural life, and you can help to make it so.

Miles W. Murphy.

Ely, Minn.

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Spring at the Philharmonic (Part I)—Ballets

TWO tonal manifestations of spring made a warmly satisfying—or, like spring itself, a *nearly* warmly satisfying—evening of Leonard Bernstein's return to direct the New York Philharmonic Orchestra for the remainder of its season. One was the B-flat (No. 1) Symphony of Robert Schumann, the other the long overdue first performance by this orchestra of the *Spring Symphony* of Benjamin Britten, which has been adding to the composer's reputation wherever it has been played since 1949.

In a wholly musical, non-verbalized way, Bernstein made several points as well as performing an absorbing concert. The broadest based was that the span of centuries has little changed the universal longing for the rebirth and regeneration of spring after the desolation of winter—more particularly, *during* the desolation of winter. Both Schumann and Britten wrote their works out of such longing, in November and December, stimulated—as most creators are—by an idea rather than the actuality itself.

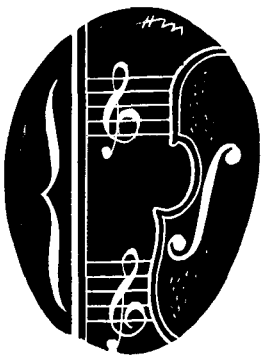
The other, more musically pointed, is that Schumann made a celebration of spring from the fulness of his musical impulse and the traditional disciplines on which it was nourished; it is, indeed, a symphony of spring-like freshness and warmth. Britten's work is more truly a celebration of the riches of English poetry on the subject of spring than a work which, so to speak, springs into being. Lacking Schumann's self-starting capacity, Britten has been urged to produce a kind of latter-day *Seasons* (winter and summer come into it, too) based on multiple literary sources rather than merely the verses of James Thomson utilized by Haydn. In one as in the other, the words and phrases, imagery and pictorial conceits provide matter than can be enlarged upon and illustrated musically.

All of which, indeed, Britten has done beautifully, in musicalizing the words of Spenser, Nashe, Milton, Herrick, Blake, Beaumont and Fletcher down to W. H. Auden. If all this suggests something more in the nature of a song cycle for chorus and solo voices plus orchestra, so it is—superficially. After a series of hearings (which the excellent recording under Britten's direction makes readily possible), it is apparent that there are musical unities among the grouping of the poems into an allegro, slow movement, scherzo, and finale that make the sequence more than arbitrary, the results symphonic.

The special virtue of Britten's *Spring Symphony*, in common with the best of his other works, is its steady spontaneity of expression, pressing on to a totality of meaning. I am not always convinced that his first thought is the best possible one, or that it couldn't be refined or improved: "Whenas the Rye" has a beautiful musical idea, as does "Out on the Lawn" and "Sound the Flute," in contrast with other sections in which the formulations sound less than inevitable. But when the work has reached its end with the timeless measures of "Soomer is I-coomen In" (the spelling is Britten's) weaving in and around the riotous "London, to Thee" from Beaumont and Fletcher's "The Knight of the Burning Pestle," the recollection is not of individual accomplishments of varying quality, but of a totality which exists as surely as the subject with which it is concerned.

There was a measure of authenticity in the presence of soprano Jennifer Vyvyan and tenor Richard Lewis, for these are two able English artists whose affinity for Britten is well known and soundly based. But, chauvinism aside, could not two more native singers as good as Regina Sarfaty (who sang the mezzo's music appealingly) be found? The problem was readily solved by Serge Koussevitzky at the Tanglewood première of 1949 (Francis Yeend, Eunice Alberts, and David Lloyd). Otherwise this was a performance of much care, insight and probing detail in which the Collegiate Chorale performed with finely disciplined sound, and the Boys' Choirs of the Little Church Around the Corner and St. Paul's Church, Westfield, New Jersey, whistled as cheerfully as they sang cherubically.

Neither *Symphony* by Kenneth MacMillan nor *Marguerite and Armand* by Frederick Ashton could really rate as "novelties" when they were introduced to the repertory of the Royal Ballet in the third week of its Metropolitan Opera season. MacMillan's has its antecedent in the treatment of the same music (the First Symphony of Shostakovitch) years ago by Massine in the well-remembered *Rouge et Noire*, while Ashton's reduction to balletic terms of the *Camille* theme is all too similar to other performer-inspired efforts (here, Fonteyn and Nureyev) to be more than nominally new.



MacMillan's choreography is exactly *not* what the title suggests: symphonic. Character projection is in too small supply to weave a thread of interest, and the invention is insufficiently consecutive or structurally cumulative to bear the weight of four movements without it. There are ingenious bits here and there for such dancers as Lynn Seymour, Georgina Parkinson, Donald MacLeary and Desmond Doyle, and for the ensemble led by Deanne Bergsma in the slow movement. MacMillan's problem, however, is that they do not relate to what precedes or follows.

Needless to say, there is no comparable problem for Ashton. Long before he was knighted, he was serving an apprenticeship in the grimmer side of "commercial" ballet by putting on numbers for the Ballet Russe, etc. But what in the name of Lord Keynes is a company which was (presumably) supported and nurtured to get away from such tedious exhibitionism doing with its empty involutions and tawdry "passion?" Trying to sell tickets, no doubt; but there will be precious few repeaters for this one.

As subject, *Camille* is notoriously resistant to balletic treatment; it didn't work too well for Tudor or Taras, to mention only two—both of whom utilized a prior décor by Cecil Beaton. In *Marguerite and Armand* Beaton provides projections (on a screen at the rear of the stage) of the two performers which look more like advertisements for *Coming Appearances* by Fonteyn and Nureyev than anything to do with Dumas. Each has a dab of sentiment here, a brief moment of agitation there to depict in motion, and there is a kind of grand adagio which might pass in opera but has hardly the substance for ballet. Humphrey Searle's orchestration of the B-minor Sonata of Liszt served largely to emphasize what a grand piece of writing it is for the piano.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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Books

LITERARY HORIZONS

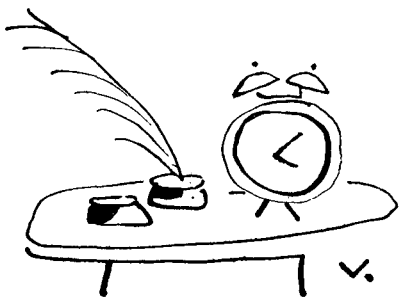
The Lone Wolves Elaborate

EARLY in its career the *Paris Review* initiated a series of interviews with literary figures that immediately won commendation. Five years ago a selection of these interviews was published, under the title of *Writers at Work,* and was warmly and deservedly praised. The quarterly has continued the interviews, often publishing two in one issue, and they have become an institution. Here, many people have come to feel, one could learn what writers were really thinking and feeling. It is a pleasure, therefore, to report the publication of *Writers at Work: Second Series* (Viking, $6.50).

Much credit for the success of both volumes goes to the interviewers. Whoever they are—some are associated with the magazine, but others, so far as I know, aren't—they have done their job with intelligence and a high sense of responsibility. Each of them, it is clear, had carefully familiarized himself with the work of the man he was interviewing—had, indeed, made himself, in an unostentatious way, an authority. With the exception of Olga Carlisle's interview with Boris Pasternak, which had to be done catch-as-catch-can, and perhaps one or two others, the interviews were taped, and often, one learns from the notes, there had to be two or three sessions before interviewer and interviewee were satisfied. After that, there was careful editing on the part of both. In these sixteen interviews the interviewer never obtrudes himself and the interviewee is never less than cooperative. The result is something not merely superior to but really different from the general run of interviewing.

Presumably because of the reputation it had won, the magazine has in recent years been able to interview most of the eminent writers of our time, and as a result the Second Series is in large part devoted to the great and venerable. Since the authors are arranged in order of seniority, we lead off with an impressive array of names: Frost, Pound, Moore, Eliot. Then comes Boris Pasternak, followed by Katherine Anne Porter, Henry Miller, Aldous Huxley, and Ernest Hemingway. All of these, it may be noted, were born before 1900. Next we come to a group of writers in their fifties: S. J. Perelman, Lawrence Durrell, and Mary McCarthy. Ralph Ellison is just under fifty, and Robert Lowell, the baby of the lot, was born in 1917. (Three writers younger than Lowell were included in the First Series.)

The volume, then, speaks largely for the older generation. In his introduction the late Van Wyck Brooks, himself great and venerable, suggests certain generalizations. It seems clear, he points out, that "there is little difference any longer between the American mind and the European." In contrast with the writers who flourished before 1914, "most of the writers who have lived through the world wars seem to have been denationalized in quality and type. There is nothing local in their points of view, nothing in any way provincial. While they are unique in the outlook of each and the surroundings of their lives, they seem . . . to represent the one world toward which the modern mind is aiming." It is ironic that Brooks, who was an ardent literary nationalist at the outset of his career, should have to make this point, but the evidence is overwhelming. And of course the younger generation is even more cosmopolitan than the older. To use Brooks's phrase, "everybody lives everywhere at present."



Brooks also observes that most of the writers represented in the volume are lone wolves. Henry Miller denounces "groups and sets and sects and cults and isms." Frost says that when he was living in England his instinct was "not to belong to any gang." Yet, if these writers have avoided coteries of any sort, they have often been acquainted with their contemporaries and always conscious of their work. Frost comments on Pound and Lowell, Lowell on Eliot and Frost. Pasternak speaks of Hemingway and Faulkner—"*Light in August* is a marvelous book." (Indeed, there is such a multitude of cross references that it is a pity the book has no index.) One might appropriately recall Frost's saying that "men work together . . . whether they work together or apart."

All of the writers are, as one would

14 SR's Check List of Current Books
23 Literary Horizons: Granville Hicks reviews "Writers at Work: Second Series"
24 The Publishing Scene, by David Dempsey
25 Eichmann in Jerusalem: A Report on the Banality of Evil, by Hannah Arendt
26 The Ordeal of Coexistence, by Willy Brandt
27 Meetings with Remarkable Men, by G. I. Gurdjieff
28 Two Cultures? The Significance of C. P. Snow, by F. R. Leavis; C. P. Snow: The Politics of Conscience, by Frederick R. Karl
29 Sprightly Running: Part of an Autobiography, by John Wain
30 The Sick Fox, by Paul Brodeur
30 Cat's Cradle, by Kurt Vonnegut, Jr.
31 A Captive in the Land, by James Aldridge
32 Young Man in Chains, by François Mauriac

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expect, much concerned with technical matters, but there is no glorification of technique for its own sake. Indeed, Ezra Pound says specifically, "The *what* is so much more important than how." Hemingway says, "A writer without a sense of justice and of injustice would be better off editing the Year Book for a school of exceptional children than writing novels." After observing that his concern with form may be excessive, Lawrence Durrell remarks: "You see, I'm not fundamentally interested in the artist. I use him to try to become a happy man, which is a good deal harder for me. I find art easy. I find life difficult."

LIKE its predecessor, this is a book that every would-be or beginning writer ought to read. We learn something about when these writers work and how they work; but the great thing is that we learn that they work and, most of them, work hard. Sometimes, perhaps, they exaggerate their labors, and S. J. Perelman is having a legitimate bit of fun when he says that he writes thirty-seven drafts of every story, thirty-three being too few and forty-two too many. However, one sees clearly enough that writing is no cinch. Lawrence Durrell is something of an exception, since he says that he wrote *Balthazar* in six weeks, *Mountolive* in two months, and *Clea* in seven weeks; but it is apparent that he is capable of an extraordinary degree of concentration.

Because of the skill of the interviewers, the reader gets a strong sense of the personalities of most of the writers interviewed, and most of them seem like agreeable people. Hemingway is a little nasty in spots, and Mary McCarthy chops off a head or two in her best manner. ("I had an interview with *L'Express* the other day, and I gave Simone de Beauvoir the works. Let's not do it twice. I think she's pathetic, that's all.") In other writers, however, one feels a considerable amiability, always combined with a kind of toughness. All writers are and have to be tough about their work; they cannot afford to make concessions for the sake of affability.

We are sadly reminded, by the fact that four of the writers included in the volume—Frost, Pasternak, Hemingway, and, most recently, Brooks—are dead, that a great generation is passing. Not only Frost but also Cummings and Williams have died within the year. And there is Faulkner, who was successfully interviewed for the First Series. As this generation passes, the *Paris Review* interviews become part of literary history, and I am glad that they have been done so well.

—GRANVILLE HICKS.

THE PUBLISHING SCENE

Rule, Britannica!

By DAVID DEMPSEY

THE ENCYCLOPAEDIA BRITANNICA first appeared in 1771, in three volumes. By the time of its removal to the United States in 1901, it had reached twenty-four volumes and had become a Stately Home for some of the world's great scholars. Like a lot of Stately Homes that were knocked down and brought to this country, it was never quite the same afterwards. Although the influence of English learning persisted through the celebrated Eleventh Edition (1909-11), Americanization set in when the EB was acquired by Sears, Roebuck in 1920, and the trend has continued ever since. In 1941 Sears offered the Britannica to the University of Chicago. But the university didn't want it, and it was purchased in 1943 by William Benton, who runs the enterprise out of an ancient and extremely unplush warehouse on North Michigan Avenue in Chicago. In deference to its origins, Mr. Benton still dedicates the Britannica to the reigning British sovereign, together with the current President of the United States. In the English edition, Queen Elizabeth's name comes first, in this country John F. Kennedy's.

This historical summary is inspired by a recent announcement that the Britannica people are now in the midst of distributing the 1963 printing, and that as part of the company's "continuous revision" program this year's EB is the most thoroughly revised of any since the Fourteenth Edition was published in 1929. This is significant. In the old days—or the old centuries, to be exact—the Britannica might go for almost twenty-five years without being revised at all. The Ninth Edition, for example, was published one volume at a time beginning in 1875, and was not completed until 1898. This system had some obvious disadvantages: a good many subscribers died as the EB plodded through the alphabet, while those who survived the full twenty-three years found themselves *au courant* with any subject beginning with Z but curiously out of date in the A field. True, history moved a good deal slower in those days; but the system must nevertheless have produced some peculiar term papers in the English schools.

Ever since 1934, the Britannica has undergone revisions each year, the ones occurring in the 1963 printing, as we noted, being the most extensive yet. For those who insist on statistics, more than ten million words, or not quite one-third of the total, have been "changed," and about 6,800 articles revised or rewritten. Also, 3,566 were killed outright to make room for others more timely. There are 9,258 contributors to the present version, of whom 1,630 make their appearance for the first time. Thirty-eight contributors are Nobel Prize-winners, and thirty-two have won Pulitzer awards. One author alone, Professor Talbot Hamlin, contributed thirty-seven articles, ranging from *Swastika* to *Flute*. "In one way or another," the editors report, "over seventeen thousand entries were affected in the 1963 edition."

So much for statistics. As for trends, like all encyclopedias the Britannica reflects the steady drift of the times to a science-oriented world. This means a greater variety of information o more subjects, but at less length and sometimes in less depth. What was once chiefly a monument to the humanities is now more of a guide to the continuous revolution of history, natural and otherwise; by running hard, the editors are just able to stay in place. Just as a publishing operation, the Britannica merits admiration.

For example, revisions are planned as long as seven years in advance, contributions are solicited three years ahead, and production work is begun eighteen months before the edition is finally issued. In view of this, it is not surprising that the government in power in the Congo, say, is sometimes different from the one given in the EB.

Nevertheless, the Britannica remains surprisingly up to date on current affairs, although there are some readers (scholars, chiefly) who are ungrateful enough to believe that it was a better encyclopedia when it was not up to date. They refer to the Eleventh, which has taken its place as the Gutenberg of encyclopedias, and they point out, too, that just because an article has been revised does not necessarily mean that it is better. Many of the scholarly monographs that made the Eleventh Edition famous have been truncated or watered down. The entry on the Medici family is a good example of a celebrated article that has been "con-

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tinuously revised" almost out of the set, and certainly beyond recognition.

In going through the new Britannica, I have the feeling that a good many of the "changes" are the result of what anthropologists call "survival activity." Revisions are made, it would seem, because a sizable editorial staff has to be kept busy. Thus many of the alterations that add up to the "seventeen thousand entries [that] were affected" turn out to be simply changes in nomenclature. *Monastery* in the 1963 printing had been *Abbey* previously; *Butterfly* and *Moth* were formerly *Lepidoptera*, and *Stroke* was *Apoplexy*. In keeping with the charitable temper of the times, *Drunkenness* is now *Alcoholism*.

New material added this year also raises certain questions of an embarrassing nature. Why was it left out before? *Dialectical Materialism*, *Business Cycle*, *Black Death*, and *Dred Scott Decision* are among the hundreds of new listings on subjects that have been with us for quite a while, as has the *Dalai Lama*, who also appears for the first time. In some cases we find that the "new" material was previously embedded in other articles, and has now been pulled out and given an entry of its own. But the absence of *Dred Scott Decision*, I'm told, was pure oversight.

What has been lost in the new Britannica's passion for contemporaneity is the leisurely scholarship that made the Eleventh Edition unique. The New York Public Library, for instance, regularly purchases the latest printings of the EB (as well as other leading encyclopedias) for distribution to its branches; but it keeps the Eleventh on the shelves, too, rebinding the copies when necessary and patching up torn pages with mending tape.

One test of the value of any encyclopedia is how often the volumes are stolen from library shelves. The answer here is reassuring. The Britannica is stolen right and left, despite the watchful efforts of librarians. It's quite a trick to smuggle *PLANTS to RAYMUND OF TRIPOLI* past a door guard, but apparently it can be done; in one four-month period nine volumes were purloined from a single branch library. Fortunately, thieves almost always prefer the new editions to the battered Eleventh, thus betraying either their American desire for up-to-dateness or their ignorance of scholarship. Library officials are not entirely unhappy about this; if the Britannica has to be stolen, they prefer to lose the copies that are most recent and thus more replaceable. It's when thieves stop trying to steal the Britannica at all that they'll begin to worry.

SUNDERED PEOPLE

One for Six Million

—*Wide World.*

Eichmann on trial—"a special asylum would have had to be built."

Eichmann in Jerusalem: A Report On the Banality of Evil, *by Hannah Arendt (Viking. 275 pp. $5.50), scrutinizes the data concerned with the Nazi's extermination of European Jewry. Edwin Samuel, the son of the first British high commissioner in Palestine, lived there for forty-five years. He is at present a visiting professor at State University of New York in Albany.*

By EDWIN SAMUEL

MOST of the material in this book has already appeared, slightly rearranged, in the form of five articles in *The New Yorker*, on whose behalf Hannah Arendt originally attended the Eichmann trial two years ago in Jerusalem. Her frank and occasionally sardonic comments on the whole Eichmann episode have already infuriated many Jews in the Diaspora, still very sensitive whenever Hitler's holocaust is mentioned. This book is now likely to infuriate many Israelis, who are easily aroused whenever there is implied censure by outsiders of actions by the government of Israel.

Some of Miss Arendt's critics claim that, although she covered the trial herself, and since then has obviously done much research on the published material, her book is riddled with errors. That may be so; nevertheless it is a valuable attempt to put the whole ghastly period into correct perspective for the ordinary reader.

Now, it is true that, unless he was there, no American writer on World War II can really appreciate to the full what conditions were like even in Great Britain. The territory of the United States was never blitzed; and it is difficult for anyone sitting comfortably on this side of the Atlantic to understand all the attitudes of Britons as they helplessly watched their towns and their homes being slowly pulverized by German bombs. Similarly, Englishmen, whose country was never actually invaded by the Germans, cannot really understand what it was like to live for years in occupied Europe, under the baleful eye of the ever-present Gestapo. Even Frenchmen or Belgians or Dutchmen who sweated out the war under the German occupation cannot really understand what it must have been like for Russians, Poles, and Jews in Eastern Europe when their cities were overrun by the Nazi hordes.

Miss Arendt, who fled Germany in 1933, after her arrest for collecting data on official anti-Semitism, takes a good deal on her shoulders in criticizing so severely the actions of those who later were even more constrained. She particularly excoriates Dr. Rudolf Kastner, vice president of the Zionist Organization in Budapest, who managed to get himself and 1,683 relatives, friends, and other prominent Jews to Switzerland while allowing nearly half a million fellow Hungarian Jews to be lulled into a false sense of security that ended, for them, in the gas chamber. But how can she be so certain what she would have done had she been in Dr. Kastner's appalling position?

Even now, after all that has been written on the matter, the whole thing seems to me incredible. When I worked in British censorship during the Second World War, and we came on the first guarded, but unmistakable reference in prisoner-of-war letters to the gas chambers, I personally could not believe that they actually existed. And I had myself visited Hitler's Germany officially for the Palestinian Government some years earlier (to speed up Jewish emigration to Palestine) and had seen with my own eyes how German Jews were being treated by the Nazi authorities.

The Eichmann trial in Jerusalem—

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which I also briefly attended—was admittedly a state trial, as Miss Arendt points out. It was a public protest to the whole world by the government of Israel on behalf of the Jewish people; an attempt to put the record straight and to fill in the remaining gaps regarding Nazi brutality to Jews. But there was an unexpected side effect among the Israelis themselves, especially among the younger generation. They—and their fathers—belong to a heroic generation, schooled to fight for their lives against hopeless odds in the Middle East. They just cannot understand how a whole generation of European Jews peaceably could have gone to their deaths.

To compensate for this apparent passivity, the desperate revolt in the Warsaw Ghetto is now being celebrated as a grand, heroic episode. The Jews in Warsaw, poorly armed, despairing of any further advance by the indifferent Russian armies, decided to do what Churchill was prepared to advise Englishmen to do had Hitler actually invaded Britain in 1940. Churchill had already coined the slogan "You can always take one with you!"; and the 60,000 Jews of Warsaw took many Nazi soldiers with them to their deaths. Every period, every country, every people, requires its own authentic heroes.

But, in almost every other case, the Jews of Europe did, in fact, *not* resist, and the reason for this is now clear. Their destruction had been methodically and scientifically planned by the Nazis so as to obviate any possibility of resistance. Hannah Arendt shows this in three successive chapters of her book, headed: "IV—The First Solution: Expulsion," "V—The Second Solution: Concentration," "VI—The Final Solution: Killing." This macabre procedure was primarily devised for German Jews. They had grown up under a regime of equal rights: they had become Germans of the Jewish persuasion and had rejected Zionism and Palestine as a refuge until it was too late. Intermarriage and conversion were frequent (but did not save them). Few had ever had to fight for their lives. To them *Mein Kampf* was only a bad dream that would soon vanish. They had no arms, no military training, no dynamic leaders.

The Nazis did everything possible to prevent Jewish resistance. The Jews of Germany were slowly and gradually isolated from the rest of the population and then degraded, all by legal action. Any isolated counterattack resulted in widespread reprisals against all German Jewry. There never was a clear moment when all Jews in occupied Europe could say, "This is where we make a stand," until they stood naked in front of their freshly dug graves, awaiting the bullet in the head, when it *really* was too late.

Escape, Hannah Arendt suggests. But escape to where? Danish Jews could be spirited away by courageous Danish Christians only because Sweden was neutral and just a mile distant across a narrow strip of water. Elsewhere there was no haven. Few Poles or Rumanians or Hungarians would risk their own lives to save those of their Jewish neighbors. It was more likely that the gentiles would hand over to the Nazis anyone they caught hiding in their barns. A few Jews did manage to join Russian or Polish partisan groups and survived the war—but very few.

Much was made at the trial in Jerusalem of Eichmann's own personality. Miss Arendt characterizes it well in the subtitle of her book—"The Banality of Evil." Eichmann *was* banal, but his mind was so twisted and he was so little governed by the restraints developed in normal men that it is a pity that Israeli criminal law does not provide, as in Britain, for a verdict of "guilty, but insane." For those people who, like myself, oppose the death penalty in all circumstances, that would have been one possible solution. It would have made it clear that Hitler and his followers were dangerous lunatics, and that a like terrorism may recur. The disadvantage of such a Final Solution for Eichmann would have been the cost of keeping him alive on Israel's soil. Israel has no Elba or Saint Helena at its disposal. Had Eichmann been indefinitely imprisoned in Israel, a special asylum would have had to be built or he would undoubtedly have been assassinated by one of the Jewish survivors still possessed by a spirit of revenge. So it is perhaps inevitable that Eichmann should have been executed officially. But his death is only one more action in the battle that must be waged between good and evil—a subject that Hannah Arendt has treated so ably in her previous books. This one on Eichmann is a worthy contribution to that series, which is now her life work.

Message from the Mayor

The Ordeal of Coexistence, *by Willy Brandt (Harvard University Press. 112 pp. $3), analyzes Soviet tactics and objectives, as observed from a front-line post of the Cold War. An editorial commentator for The Wall Street Journal, William Henry Chamberlin is the author of a number of works on the Soviet Union and international affairs.*

By WILLIAM H. CHAMBERLIN

WHEN West Berlin's Mayor Willy Brandt finished the lectures that are here reproduced (somewhat expanded), the audience that packed Harvard's largest auditorium spontaneously rose and gave him a rousing ovation. This was a tribute to the man, as well as to his message. Brandt fought gallantly against both Nazism and Communism. And his lectures, which stand up extremely well in printed form, are an impressive appeal to reason, crystal-clear, incisive, discerning, and suffused with a perception of what is and is not politically possible.

As the title indicates, Mayor Brandt picks up a favorite Communist propaganda gimmick, the use of the attractive-sounding word "coexistence," and tosses it back into the Red camp. Of course, he says, all reasonable and humane persons in the West prefer coexistence with Communism, through competitive, peaceful achievement, to the suicidal folly of war. Berlin, up to the time of the erection of what the Germans call the "Wall of Shame in August 1961, was a test of coexistence.

East Berlin lived under a system of one-party domination, with the economy completely controlled by the state; West Berlin combined free elections and other liberties with a mixed economy, under the direction of a very moderate, very pragmatic Socialist municipal administration. And the city of Berlin was a reflection, in microcosm, of the competitive coexistence that existed between the sundered parts of Germany. What was the result of this test, which Khrushchev professes to desire for the whole world?

Three million seven hundred thousand Germans in the Soviet zone, most of them taking advantage of the escape hatch that Berlin represented until the wall was put up, moved from the Soviet zone to the Federal Republic. Lenin once said that the Russian Army in 1917 voted for peace with its feet by running away. That is how the German people voted against Communism—until Khrushchev's German *Gauleiter*, Walther Ulbricht, put an abrupt end to the test in coexistence by making it

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a desperate gamble with death to try to flee from the huge penitentiary of the "German Democratic Republic."

As Mr. Brandt points out, more than half of this tidal wave of fugitives from Communist rule were young people, under twenty-five years of age. The youth, whom the Communists had hoped to indoctrinate for their cause, were also voting, with their feet, for freedom and against Communism. And this same picture has been repeated in countries with social and economic backgrounds markedly different from Germany's.

Located as he is at a front-line post of the Cold War, Mr. Brandt offers a cool, realistic diagnosis of Soviet tactics, and objectives. The USSR's overtures, he believes, are not genuine offers of coexistence, but merely courteous invitations to surrender. The Soviet tactic is to bring about a series of crises verging on, but thus far not exceeding, the brink of war. He calls attention to another Soviet trick, of which the present lull in Berlin is a good illustration: the Communists suddenly relax pressure, while leaving intact all the conditions that created a critical situation in the first place. That is why so many East-West problems hang in the air with no final solution.

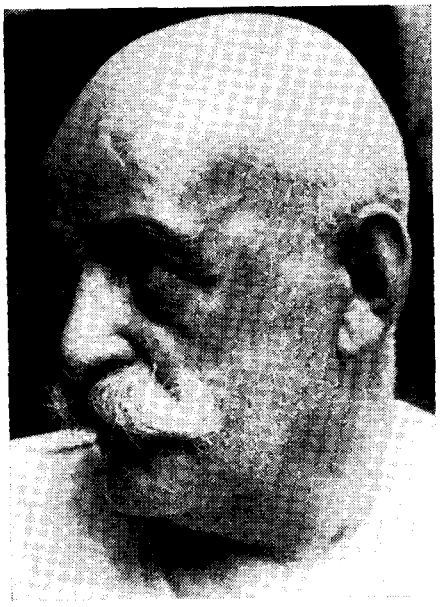
The author's ability to pack a maximum of insight and information into brief compass is perhaps best conveyed by quoting some of his more incisive statements:

> It was this constant drain—the specter of an industry without workers, a party without members, a regime without a people—for which Ulbricht knew no other remedy but to put up the Wall. . . .
>
> The social and economic structures of different systems are not a cause for serious international conflicts. The real causes of the worldwide conflict are to be found in the polarization of power and in the claim to world supremacy raised by the Communist power centers, Moscow and Peiping, which seek to subjugate and reshape the world according to a rigid doctrine. . . .

Some of Mayor Brandt's concluding remarks on West German foreign policy are especially significant because he may one day become Chancellor or, at least, an important figure in a possible coalition government. He firmly rejects the idea of recognizing the partition of Germany, hopes for better relations between the Federal Republic and its eastern neighbors, and believes the time may come when the Soviet Government will prefer friendly relations with a united Germany to propping up a hated and unrepresentative satellite regime in its zone of occupation.

CREATIVE MINDS

Solving the Human Enigma



G. I. Gurdjieff: ". . . every man should . . . prepare himself for a happy old age."

Meetings with Remarkable Men, *by G. I. Gurdjieff, translated from the Russian by A. R. Orage (Dutton. 303 pp. $6.95), recalls the father, tutor, and traveling companions of a wandering "Seeker of Truth." Edwin Seaver is editor-in-chief of George Braziller*

By EDWIN SEAVER

BORN in 1877 in Alexandropol, near the Persian frontier of Russia, George Ivanovich Gurdjieff was of Ionian Greek descent on his father's side. That his name should be surrounded by fantastic legends tells less perhaps about the man than about those of us who consider it strange, if not indeed suspect, that any man of our time should devote his whole life to the search for understanding of the human enigma.

Gurdjieff inherited a culture whose patriarchal traditions were still a living influence. He was early convinced that a real knowledge of man and nature had existed in the past and that much of it had been lost, but also that much was still available to the seeker. Together with other "seekers for truth," whom we encounter in *Meetings with Remarkable Men*, he spent some twenty years wandering in Asia Minor, until he felt he was able to reconstitute the unity of knowledge.

After his return to Russia in 1912, he began to gather about himself others who were moved by the ancient precept "Know thyself." One of his first pupils was a man already famous in his own right, the author of *Tertium Organum*, P. D. Ouspensky, whose book *In Search of the Miraculous*, published here in 1949, is an exposition of Gurdjieff's teachings.

In 1922 Gurdjieff established his school at the Chateau du Prieurié in Fontainebleau. Two years later a grave automobile accident forced him to restrict the number of his pupils. It was then that he began to write his books, the first of which, the unique and difficult *All and Everything*, was published in 1949, the year of his death. Today his "pupils" in New York, Paris, London, Toronto, and elsewhere number considerably more than those who gathered around him in his lifetime.

Anyone who has previously encountered Gurdjieff's teachings will know that when he speaks of "remarkable men" he does not mean "celebrities" or "personalities," of whom he must no doubt have met more than enough in the course of his dedicated life. "From my point of view," he writes, "he can be called a remarkable man who stands out from those around him by the resourcefulness of his mind, and who knows how to be restrained in the manifestations which proceed from his nature, at the same time conducting himself justly and tolerantly toward the weakness of others."

In the present book, which might be called a psychological autobiography but which often reads with the color and excitement of a tale from the *Thousand and One Nights*, Gurdjieff tells us that "the first such man I knew —whose influence left its trace on me and on the whole of my life—was my father." The father was an *Ashokh*, or local bard, one of the last survivors of an ancient culture handed down by oral tradition. He was intelligent "not in the European sense of the word, but in the sense in which it is understood on the continent of Asia, that is, not only by knowledge but by being." He had "a very simple, clear and quite definite view of the aim of human life

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. . . that the fundamental striving of every man should be to create for himself an inner freedom towards life and to prepare himself for a happy old age."

Any man might wish for such a father, or for such a tutor as Dean Borsh of the Kars Military Cathedral. He shared with the boy's father "the obligation of preparing him for responsible life," so that upon reaching adulthood he might realize that "a man becomes personally responsible for all his voluntary and involuntary manifestations."

The other "remarkable men" Gurdjieff writes of were companions of his wanderings: Captain Pogossian, the theological student who became a wealthy ship owner; Prince Yuri Lubovedsky, whose tormented quest for understanding led him ultimately to a hidden monastery; the astonishing woman Vitvitskaïa, who sought an objective music; Soloviev, who met his death in the Gobi Desert in the jaws of a wild camel; Professor Skridlov, an archeologist, who came to realize that his life had been motivated by egoism and vanity before he met the saintly Father Giovanni and learned from him the difference between knowledge and understanding. There are many others —including the Kurd sheep dog Philos, who was certainly remarkable in his own way.

Gurdjieff himself was protean. One finds him earning his living as a tourist's guide, as a bootblack, as a maker of plaster of Paris figures, of paper flowers, of "canaries" (from sparrows painted yellow), and even as a diver for coins. About the only thing Gurdjieff didn't do was make a million dollars, although he could accumulate, when necessary for his aims, a good deal of "that contemptible something which for contemporary man is almost the sole stimulus of his life."

Gurdjieff's books were written originally not for publication but to be read aloud within the circle of his pupils. Thanks to them we now have the present book, whose purpose is "to furnish the material required to create the feeling of a new world." Not the least surprising element in it, however, is the priceless humor that leavens Gurdjieff's high seriousness. We are promised a third and final volume, "to assist the arising in a man's thoughts and feelings of a true representation of the real world, instead of the illusory world he now perceives." Still in manuscript, it is entitled *Life Is Real Only When I Am.*

Coming June 15

University Press Issue

The Civil War of Sir Charles

Two Cultures? The Significance of C. P. Snow, *by F. R. Leavis (Pantheon. 64 pp. $1.65), and* ***C. P. Snow: The Politics of Conscience,*** *by Frederick R. Karl (Southern Illinois University Press. 162 pp. $4.50), debate the merits of the controversial British scientist-turned-novelist. Charles Shapiro's most recent book is "Theodore Dreiser: Our Bitter Patriot."*

By CHARLES SHAPIRO

BY NOW nearly all who can read, write, or pour elements into test tubes are aware of the intellectual civil war set off by C. P. Snow's lecture on "the two cultures." Thinking men, he said, were divided into two hostile camps: the humanists, chaps who didn't know the basic laws of physics, and their equally circumscribed counterparts, the laboratory-bound scientists. A scientist-turned-novelist, Sir Charles chided both groups for their insularity, pointing out the very real dangers inherent in their ignorance of each other's *milieu.* Then the literary critic F. R. Leavis plunged into the ensuing discussions with a university lecture, later printed in *The Spectator,* which turned this important issue into an imbroglio. Now published here, Mr. Leavis's paper, entitled *Two Cultures? The Significance of C. P. Snow,* attacks Snow's thesis, Snow's reasoning ("He doesn't know what he means, and doesn't know he doesn't know"), and, in a cavalier fashion, Snow's fiction.

—*Wide World.*

C. P. Snow at a rehearsal of his play "The Affair" — "a serious moralist."

The last assault is probably the most tragic, for, while few take Leavis seriously as a social or political thinker, he is highly respected in some quarters as a literary critic. When he states that "as a novelist [Snow] doesn't exist; he doesn't begin to exist. He can't be said to know what a novel is," many will accept this judgment. And when Leavis adds, with obvious relish, that either George Eliot or D. H. Lawrence could have taken Snow's materials and done a better job, graduate students across the continents will take this for gospel, and a serious, often excellent novelist will be patronized by would-be scholar-critics who will believe they are being radical and bold. For is not F. R. Leavis traditionally the *enfant terrible* of British letters? Aren't his enemies always cultural bullies?

Of more critical value than Leavis's splenetic outburst is the calm, judicious study by Frederick Karl, who, focusing attention on Snow's fiction, gives us superb readings of some of the novels (especially *The Masters* and *The Conscience of the Rich*), and indicates the limitations of Snow's craft, as well as its virtues.

C. P. Snow: The Politics of Conscience begins with a general discussion of the major works, the series of novels involving Lewis Eliot, a protagonist who moves through academic, political, social, and scientific worlds:

> . . . Snow has set out to examine the moral conscience of England in the years following World War One. No iconoclast or protestant, Snow is primarily concerned with the inner workings of traditional institutions and the ways that these elements of society are perpetuated; thus, his interest in lawyers, scientists, academicians, and administrators: all the groups who have assumed power in the twentieth century and make the decisions necessary for civilized life.

Karl notes how the characters drawn

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by Snow respond to modern pressures:

> . . . [they] are usually involved in a test or conflict when personal ambition and social conscience are at stake. Anxious to catch the conscience of an individual when subjected to everyday temptations, as well as to the large temptations that make or break careers, Snow is understanding about those who are unable to resist quick rewards, and unsentimental about those who retain their principles despite the promise of personal gain.

In Karl's opinion, Snow has returned the novel to the arenas of politics, morality, and society, to the practical areas where choices are made, where a man can measure his own heroism, and where most people are decent but somewhat afraid. Compromises are made in this society "in which the traditional hero and villain no longer have meaning, the man of moral stature who can work with the material at hand is the real hero."

Thus, as Karl points out, Snow has limited his heroes, has limited his action. The prose, in turn, fits these strictures, the concern being to show people manipulating and being, in turn, manipulated by power.

Karl is especially sharp in noting Snow's failures. Discussing Snow's most popular work, *The Masters*, an academic novel that lacks the usual nasty, epicene qualities of the genre, he objects to an absence of irony, a smattering of complacency and, above all, Snow's seeming acceptance of "people as they are, instead of the figures of mockery they should be."

Professor Karl's attitude towards Snow's novels is best seen in his concluding remarks:

> What Snow . . . has provided is an intelligent view of society, full of mature judgments and an adult awareness of human nature. What he has failed to provide is the larger sense of the world in which details become symbolic of greater things, in which man not only is involved in doing his job or making an important decision, but is also concerned with the grander questions of his fate in a seemingly meaningless universe.

Karl, who is also a Conrad scholar, shows us what Snow is about, how and why his novels succeed or fail. He studies the novels with a steady seriousness; and he never uses them as an excuse to bloody a man for his beliefs. These two books about Snow, then, present the rather startling contrast of a young critic writing his way to maturity and an established critic debasing his craft.

Never in Anger

John Wain—"within limits of reticence, properly set by sensibility, utterly candid."

***Sprightly Running: Part of an Autobiography**, by John Wain (St. Martin's Press. 265 pp. $5), traces to boy's inhumanity to boy the author's lifelong identification with the "threatened minority." James Gray is an essayist and literary critic.*

By JAMES GRAY

THE "ANGRY YOUNG MEN" of contemporary English letters held the attention of susceptible readers for a tense moment a few years ago when they seemed about to make literary history. They attracted this interest more because they were puzzling than because they were impressively challenging figures. It was difficult, in fact, to make out what they were angry about.

The fragment of autobiography offered by John Wain under the title *Sprightly Running* may, therefore, have seemed important to its publishers as an elucidation of what made the young men angry. However, although the author has been considered to be of that company from the beginning of his career as critic, teacher, poet, and novelist, he has never, in his own mind, been one of them. Years ago he publicly disavowed association with the cult, and here he is able to explain with great precision why he rejects that, or any other, literary trade-mark.

What he has always wanted to be is a creative artist. As such he knows what Sigrid Undset pointed out long ago, that literature is "concerned with that timeless thing, human nature." It is the task of the writer to evoke a way of life and to call into reality certain individuals as they try to cope with the complexities of a microscopically examined fragment of existence.

NO better proof of John Wain's right to his ambition could have been brought forward than the success he has had in this evocation of himself. Every word has the crystal ring of authenticity, so unlike the clatter of vehement self-deception to be found in the exhibitionistic performances of the great confessors like Rousseau. Within the limits of reticence, properly set by sensibility, John Wain is utterly candid, quite without pretense, earnestly yet always humorously persuasive.

We see him as a child living a life of stoical martyrdom in an English industrial town. Never quite well, suffering from at least one conspicuous physical handicap, he endured the full misery of boy's inhumanity to boy, as the pack set out mindlessly to prowl for a victim. The experience, he believes, gave him the lifelong habit of identifying himself with the "threatened minority." Later we see him humiliated by an adolescent love affair. We see him at Oxford slowly shaping his identity, with scrupulous regard for its fundamental needs as he sits, half admiringly, half in protest, at the feet of brilliant teachers like C. S. Lewis. We see him in and out of a first marriage, in and out of what was for him the stultifying atmosphere of the teaching profession. We see him at last as he enters the writing world, asking only that he be considered for what he is—a man obsessed by the creative impulse.

The character that emerges from this study is neither wholly admirable nor wholly attractive. But what matters is that the reader feels the presence of a man whose spirit has been refined by suffering, by insight, by the determination to be honest and, finally, by the benign influence of a mature, ironic outlook. Wain has gained in stature by this modest examination of his far from angry purposes.

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Another Part of the Forest

The Sick Fox, *by Paul Brodeur (Atlantic-Little, Brown. 305 pp. $4.75), counterpoises modern horror of atomic annihilation and primitive fear of the wild beast in a portrait of the contemporary German malaise. Joseph P. Bauke is a member of Columbia University's German Department and assistant editor of the Germanic Review.*

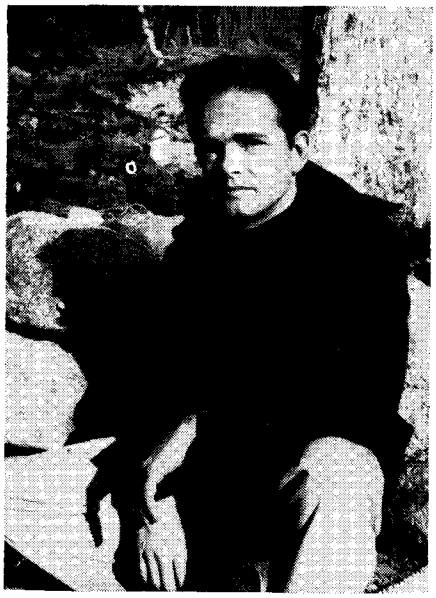
By JOSEPH P. BAUKE

IN RECENT months a surprisingly large number of good and even superlative novels have appeared in which the mind and the mood of the Germans are subjected to an unprecedented fictional probing. If the emerging picture of the embattled nation is dubious and, in some cases, full of dire portent, the fascination of the country for writers everywhere is authentic enough and has engaged some of the best of them. The *malaise* of the German psyche, long adumbrated in Germany's own literature, is increasingly felt to be of universal significance. It is not the search for scapegoats that impels these authors to turn to the Germans, but the realization that the temper of modern Germany is in many ways paradigmatic of the century; and the latent sentiment in much of this fiction is the anguished awareness that there, but for the grace of God, go we.

Paul Brodeur's *The Sick Fox,* a portion of which originally appeared in *The New Yorker,* is the latest addition to the shelf of novels about contemporary Germany, and must be ranked with the best. Its hero is a well-educated New Englander doing his tour of duty with the U.S. Army in a remote district of the Rhineland. As a counterintelligence agent assigned to guard a subterranean atomic stockpile, the affable young man is granted civilian status and enjoys its privileges to the full. Highly articulate and rather shiftless, he fraternizes freely with both respectable and seedy natives, and carries on a sordid affair with the lusty wife of an impotent schizophrenic. His friends include a wise old shepherd of mysterious origins and an ex-schoolteacher who lectures him on the bloody prehistory of the area.

Under the pastoral surface of village life a harsher world comes to light when a rabid fox appears in the fields. The American, secretly in love with chaos and its manifestations, finds himself unable to kill the animal. As the panic spreads, the souls of the villagers are laid bare, and a rotten society with dark roots deep in the Teutonic past sets about to purify itself of all intruders. Ancient tribal loyalties are reawakened, and centuries of civilization give way to archaic patterns of behavior.

Contrapuntal to the alarm set off by the diseased fox is the awe surrounding the nuclear installation hidden away in the gothic gloom of the forest. The GIs stationed there live with the constant threat of emasculation by radiation, and have to reassure themselves of their potency as often as the stockpile guard. The modern horror of atomic annihilation and the primitive fear of the beast stalking by night combine to charge the atmosphere with a nightmarish intensity, from which the hero can escape only by headlong flight.



Paul Brodeur—"distinguished performance."

But *The Sick Fox* is a tale of *Weltangst* only if you like to read it as such. It is also a well-told adventure story, full of suspense, fast-moving action, and harrowing scenes, a book to be finished in one sitting. Its prose is lucid, unaffected, and utterly civilized, which is perhaps the only style appropriate for so complex a theme. A modern myth? An Aesopian fable with a new twist? A philosophical whodunit? Whichever you call it Brodeur's novel is a most distinguished performance.

Midnight in the Twilight Zone

Cat's Cradle, *by Kurt Vonnegut, Jr. (Holt, Rinehart & Winston. 231 pp. $3.95), set in a mythical Caribbean republic, mirrors the threatened and threatening world we inhabit. "The Fratricides," the next novel by the British MP Maurice Edelman, will be published June 3rd.*

By MAURICE EDELMAN

THIS is the way the world ends, this is the way the world ends, this is the way the world ends—not with a bang but a whimsy. The parody kept asserting itself as I read Kurt Vonnegut's suspenseful fantasy about San Lorenzo, a mythical republic in the Caribbean Sea.

The *dramatis personae* have the sharp definition of the personages in a comic strip: the prophet Bokonon, with his platitudes and paradoxes; Mona, who derives half from Rider Haggard's She, half from an unsexed witch in Goethe's *Walpürgisnacht*; Newt, a midget whose prefabricated grotesquerie recalls the black dwarfs of Velásquez. Brightly colored and distinctive, they are at the end as they were at the beginning. Great balloons spurt from their mouths with gnomic observations, but nothing they say carries the story forward. The important vehicle for the thought in *Cat's Cradle* is Mr. Vonnegut's own recitative.

There is, indeed, only one character in this novel, and that is the author himself, who offers a running commentary on a world in the twilight between the last rays of sanity and the ultimate dark of a nuclear cataclysm. Mr. Vonnegut's great skill is to suspend disbelief in his reader's mind. You feel that there really is a relationship called *Karass,* which binds like-minded people together. You feel that the Bokononist technique of love-making, in which He and She rub the soles of their feet together, may really be more intimate

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than more conventional methods, and you can scarcely wait to try it out. You feel obliged to learn that the San Lorenzan for "sun" is *borasisi*, and that *foma* means "lies."

Cat's Cradle does for adults what fairy tales do for children: it creates a metaphor of the threatening and threatened world we inhabit. Reality brushes hallucination. The familiar elbows the fantastic. And through it all Mr. Vonnegut strolls with a wry and lucid pen that is capable of violent, allusive strokes, as when he describes a tornado:

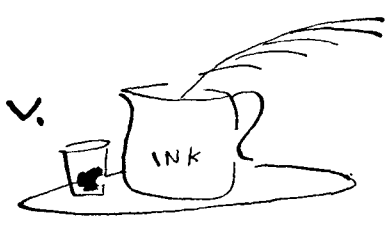
> I looked up at the sky where the bird had been. An enormous worm with a violet mouth was directly overhead. It buzzed like bees. It swayed. With obscene peristalsis, it ingested air.

There's much in Mr. Vonnegut's novel to touch the mind and imagination. Although his hero, a latter-day Candide, is a disingenuous observer who sees a lot without feeling much, occasionally Mr. Vonnegut allows himself a swig of sentiment. Perhaps the most effective passage in *Cat's Cradle* deals with the narrator's flight from the USA to San Lorenzo. On the plane he meets the new ambassador and his wife, the frail and elderly Mintons, who, in Bokononist language, form a *duprass*, a *karass* consisting only of two persons. Now, "a true *duprass*," Bokonon tells us, "can't be invaded, not even by children born to such a union."

> They were lovebirds. They entertained each other endlessly with little gifts; sights worth seeing out of the plane window; amusing or instructive bits from things they read, random recollections of times gone by. They were a flawless example . . . of a *duprass*.

Tiresome though the Mintons may be in real life, they remain the liberal salt of the earth. Mr. Vonnegut very properly gives the ambassador the best speech of the book—an antiwar appeal.

Cat's Cradle is a brave, experimental essay, full of subtle harmonics that make us aware of the complex and melancholy music of our times.



Unwelcome Heroes

***A Captive in the Land,** by James Aldridge (Doubleday. 381 pp. $4.95), combines physical and moral adventure in a story of an Englishman whose dramatic rescue of a Russian pilot casts him into a psychological no man's land in the Cold War. W. G. Rogers is a writer for the Saturday Review Book Service.*

By W. G. ROGERS

NOT FAR from the North Pole a Royal Air Force plane on a scientific mission sights a peculiar blue stain on the ice. The pilot brings his plane down close enough to discover a wrecked aircraft and one person who is still alive. A member of the British crew, Rupert Royce, a government meteorologist on his way back to wife and children in London, parachutes to the survivor's aid. His fellow fliers are scheduled to land at Thule, the American base, where they will dispatch help.

Royce finds that the downed plane is Russian and the lone survivor a pilot named Vodopyanov, whose broken bones keep him immobile and in dreadful pain. Royce fixes up crude quarters in the wrecked fuselage while they await rescue—but no rescuers appear. The ice breaks up, they drift, and the four-month Arctic night descends. After a terrible ordeal lasting until the sun again climbs above the horizon, the two men set out in search of a settlement, with Royce dragging the injured Russian on a homemade sled. Minutes before death, they are saved.

This alone would be an exciting enough story for most writers, or readers; but Royce's experiences prove even more harrowing back in the supposed safety of supposed civilization. Both men appreciate the care given them by the Americans but long to rejoin their families. Royce is taken back to a hero's welcome; Vodopyanov is detained over protests from the Russians.

After Royce's glorification in the press he pleads for Vodopyanov's release. Doubts begin to be expressed in London and Washington: perhaps the Englishman, exposed for six months to a conniving Russian, has been brainwashed. What was the Red plane doing in the Arctic? If the Americans have acquired a spy, why let him go?

When Royce is offered, and accepts, a medal as "Hero of the Soviet Union," the Americans warn him he'd be wise to snub the Russians, and his British superior fires him as a security risk. Vodopyanov, meanwhile, has been re-

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turned to the USSR in exchange for an American flight crew that had strayed over and crashed in East Germany. Chiefly out of exasperation at his own countrymen, Royce decides to accept Moscow's invitation to visit Russia—whereupon his own government invites him to do a little spying on the side: doesn't he want to help his native land?

Thus a genuine friendship forged in suffering is violated and exploited by a suspicious officialdom.

Governments condemn as weakness any move to clasp a brother's hand when, to play it safe, a man should rather make a fist. Friendship becomes a kind of treason. Royce, a lifelong individualist in action, is left with the conviction that he must now also become an individualist in thought, independent of pressures from either East or West.

The moral adventure here is more challenging and better and faster reading than the physical. But all the way it's a gripping story that gets under your skin and, fortunately, stays there.

ETERNAL PROBLEMS: François Mauriac is now seventy-eight years old. Winner of the Nobel Prize for Literature, he is held by many to be the greatest living French novelist. In our day he is surely the most specialized, the most deliberately limited in the fictional world he creates. This world—Christian, bourgeois, and provincial—was already present in his first novel, *Young Man in Chains* (Farrar, Straus, $3.75). Written when he was approximately twenty-five, the book was published in 1913, under the title *L'Enfant chargé de chaînes*. This is its first appearance in English—a lucid, faithful translation by Gerard Hopkins, who reproduces as far as is possible in another language the atmosphere of the French work.

Style and subject matter have so fused and deepened in the twenty novels written during a long career that today a page of Mauriac is as recognizable as a page of Balzac. *Young Man in Chains*, however, fails by far to equal the dramatic intensity and sheer brilliance of style of the major novels: of *Thérèse Desqueyroux*, for example, or *Le Désert de l'amour* or *Génitrix*. But it is an important book for the student of Mauriac and for the sympathetic Mauriac reader, who will find in it many of the themes associated with the novelist, many of the theological and moral conflicts with which he has become identified.

The "young man" of the book's title is Jean-Paul Johanet from Bordeaux, a student in Paris; his "chains" are those of his religion, of his background and heredity. Jean-Paul's struggle is between the commandments of the Church and the demands of the flesh, with a Catholic Socialist movement in the early part of the century serving as background. The new influence on his life is his reading, the books of the nationalist Maurice Barrès in particular, although other contemporary authors are mentioned, such as Francis Jammes, a Catholic convert, and André Gide.

The strength of the book lies in its description of a certain youthful melancholy, of a weakness of character in Jean-Paul, and of the fundamental conflict between the sensual and the sublime. It is significant that in his very first novel Mauriac found a form suitable to his talent by which he could depict man involved in his eternal problems. —WALLACE FOWLIE.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

CROSS-COUNTRY TONAL TOUR

As the 1963 tourist season gets into full swing, Vera Perlman suggests that you devote some thought to that effective travel agent the composer. Who wrote which on this geographical-musical roadmap? Answers on page 81.

1. "New World Symphony"	( )	Addinsell
2. "Three Places in New England"	( )	Copland
3. "Fall River Legend"	( )	Delius
4. "Sunday in Brooklyn"	( )	Dvorák
5. "Appalachian Spring"	( )	Gould
6. "Louisville Concerto"	( )	Grofé
7. "Smoky Mountain Suite"	( )	Ibert
8. "Kentucky Mountain Portraits"	( )	Ives
9. "Florida Suite"	( )	Kay
10. "Louisiana Story"	( )	Mitchell
11. "Grand Canyon Suite"	( )	Siegmeister
12. "Western Symphony"	( )	Thomson

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A Tale of Two Isles

JUST when I think I have visited, flown over, or at least acknowledged the presence of every habitable island in the Caribbean, another I never heard of seems to bob to the surface, suitably girt with beaches, entangled with legends, planted with modern hotels, and bearing that familiar stamp: Discovered by Columbus.

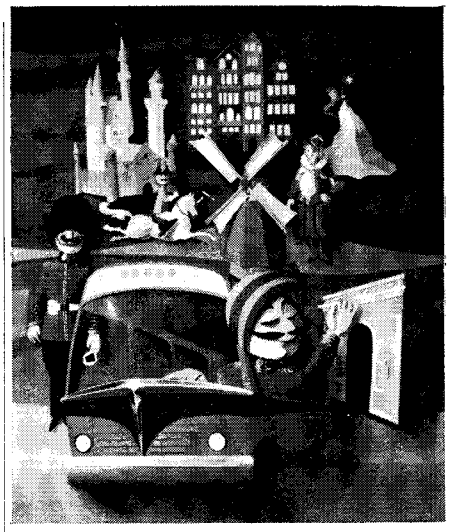
On my own recent explorations in southern waters I discovered two new islands, both of which, without my knowledge, seem to have been around for some time. The first is Margarita, which is twenty-three miles off the coast of Venezuela (to which it belongs), and is famed for its pearls, which Columbus came to look at in 1498. The second is Taboga, which, since it sits in the sea south of Panama City, is in truth a Pacific island. While neither place has ever made the big time in the manner, say, of Jamaica or Tahiti, both are very popular with citizens of the nations that own them.

Taboga, only twelve miles from Panama City, is really a week-end sanctuary for Panamanians, and when a friend plucked me from the mad jumble of the public market recently, it was hardly a half-hour's high-speed skim over the placid waters before he cut the engines and dropped anchor a few feet from a beach decorated with sun-tanners and skin divers. Taboga has neither roads nor cars; its only promenade is a cement walkway pleasantly lined in places with pink astromelia, croton bushes, sea grape, and hibiscus. Jasmine creeps up the sides of the little frame houses, yellow bells dress the city council's quarters with exotic bloom, and purple bougainvillaea hangs over the walk like a garishly hued *porte-cochère.*

The pleasures of Taboga are simple enough. One can cool off with a *raspado,* shaved ice with sweet syrup on top, or munch a *bollo chango* made of corn meal, or take up quarters at the Hotel Chu, a sagging wooden building with a broad veranda that seems to have been lifted out of Pago Pago, several thousand miles to the south and west, where it might well have served as a prop in a steamy novel of the South Pacific. The Hotel Chu serves *ceviche,* a pickled fish dish made of shrimp or corvina, and also fish Taboga-style which, as a member of the culinary staff explained to me, is a blend of onions, celery, olives, butter, and ketchup. I'm not exactly sure what school of cooking Taboga-style derives from, but it seemed perfectly clear to me that the island had never been discovered by Escoffier. Since the Hotel Chu is under Chinese operation, it also manufactures chop suey, chow mein, and foo yung with shrimp, lobster, chicken, pork, or ham. The whole dinner on Chu's veranda, in view of the sea and the open fishing boats riding at their moorings, comes to $1.50, which is patently fair, and if you're not too picky about what brand you imbibe, a quarter will buy a highball mixed with Panamanian Scotch. Life at Chu's will run about $6 a day, meals included, slightly less if the crush of business requires them to install you in the annex atop Chu's general store, an establishment that sells anything from hair oil to lollipops. Things have gone so well with Chu—on weekends Taboga's sidewalk is barely passable—that a new and elegant annex built of cement and stone is rising above the main promenade in view of the sea.

While Chu may provide the local color, the local Ritz is the Hotel Taboga, a thirty-two-room, rather modern inn built in double-deck motel style with the traditional terraces looking seaward. Rooms cost $8 on the lower floor, $10 on the upper air-conditioned deck. Run by the Internacional Hotel of Panama City, an establishment locally celebrated for its cuisine, the Hotel Taboga has acquired a certain reputation, too. Meals are served on a terrace where one's eyes can sweep off to the thatched huts and the 400-year-old *tamarindo* trees that overhang the beach, to the islet of El Morro, perhaps 100 yards away and across the water to the mainland of Panama and the Pacific entrance to the canal. While such a prospect would delight a hotel architect, the Hotel Taboga needs work before it will attract an international colony in the West Indian tradition. Raking the beach wouldn't hurt, and removing the concrete platforms left over from the days when this point of land was a PT boat base would certainly create a decorous aspect.

History seethes under the surface of Taboga, and, once briefed, one can curl in a hammock and dream away a siesta with thoughts of Pizarro, who on Taboga's beach, to hear the Panamanians tell it, drew a historic line. "All those who seek gold and fortune await-



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ing in the lands to the south step over and join me," he is reputed to have said. Pizarro and his followers sailed south and ultimately found the Inca and his gold. Taboga became the anchorage for the King's fleet, which brought the treasures from South America to be transported by mules across the Isthmus and thence to Spain.

There is, alas, no visible trace of Pizarro's presence on the island, or any tablets that tell of those historic days when the island was a major stop along the route of the Spanish Main. In a small plaza bordered with a hedge of hibiscus and shaded with pink acacias stands a bust of Benjamin Quintero, a local boy who became president of Panama's Supreme Court. A brook that burbles through the town is called the Pozo de las Casadas. *Casadas* are married people, and presumably ladies who were married didn't come to the beach, but bathed in some seclusion in a fresh-water pool from which the Pozo flows. As it scurries under a tiny white bridge, the brook brings life to a splendid assortment of greenery, breadfruit trees and palms, bananas and papayas, all of them growing wild.

The narrow path opens at last to a square closed at one end by the hulk of a tired white church that leans toward the sea. Its belfry clanks out the hours, and lately, since the priest was given a loud-speaker, it also dispenses classical music which the prelate feeds at a high-decibel rate to his captive flock and anybody else on the same latitude line. The square is marked out for basketball games, and when one is scheduled the baskets are moved in and the poles set into the ground. Banking one side of the square is the Cantina del Churuco, a sort of miniature Madison Square Garden or Cow Palace that can be the setting for political meetings or Saturday night dances featuring the *pindin*, both of them major events in Tabogan life.

THE Isla de Margarita, a Caribbean island only twenty-three miles from the nearest bit of Venezuelan mainland, and a favorite, too, with people of that country, is all but unknown to habitual hoppers about the West Indies, despite the fact that it lies only about 180 miles south and west of Grenada. Unlike other islands of the Caribbean, it has no steel bands, and much to my surprise it is not lush with traditional West Indian greenery. There were no leafy breadfruits, no tangle of vines, no verdant underbrush or bowers of hibiscus. Indeed, on the first drive I took the length of the island the afternoon I arrived there from Caracas, I was reminded much more of the arid scrublands that cover much of Aruba and Curaçao. Still, there are more than a score of hotels here, and Venezuelans come flocking on honeymoons, vacations, and apparently on any excuse they can manufacture. It is hard to come up with Margarita's true attraction, except that it is rimmed with a number of beaches, some of them in the fashion of the Costa Brava, to be shared with fishermen whose boats occupy the sands alongside the bikinis. Much has been made, too, of Margarita's treasure of pearls that lie in the roads east of the satellite isle of Cubagua, about ten miles or so south of Margarita. I had, for that matter, scarcely deposited my bags in the top-floor aerie of the Hotel Bella Vista and descended to the snack bar alongside the pool for a late lunch when I was approached by a burly and burnished gent who carried a supply of pearls tied in knots in a wrinkled old handkerchief. They were large, loose, lumpy, and expensive, but in the end they turned out to be the only ones I saw on the island.

Margarita's pearls are natural or, as they are called in jewelry milieu, Oriental pearls. The oysters in which they grow, unlike those of Japan, are not "seeded" or injected with an irritant to produce a cultured pearl. Here they are harvested every two years, either by divers or by sailing craft that drag the bottom. Divers descend, too, in the deep waters of Pampatar Bay, which harbors a small and rather picturesque fishing village and a lone seaside hotel. When the diving season is on, as it will be next year, visitors can accompany the boats and, if so inclined, go over the side to bob for their own treasure. Trips to the isle of Cubagua also include an inspection of the excavations of the ruins of New Cadiz, an early Spanish settlement that succumbed to a holocaust. Work goes slowly, mainly because there are no funds, Latin dictators being much more interested in splurging on showy works that will please the army—the Caracas officers' club is a prime case in point—than in digging for history on an obscure island in the Caribbean.

The historical importance of Margarita is duly recognized in the pamphlets, but the relics have been left to weeds and the sun. The Castillo Santa Rosa in the hilltown capital of La Asuncion has a certain celebrity and it peddles a maudlin tale of one Luisa de Arismendi, the sixteen-year-old wife of a general. When he rebelled against the Spanish crown she was incarcerated here and, though with child at the

(*Continued on page 56*)

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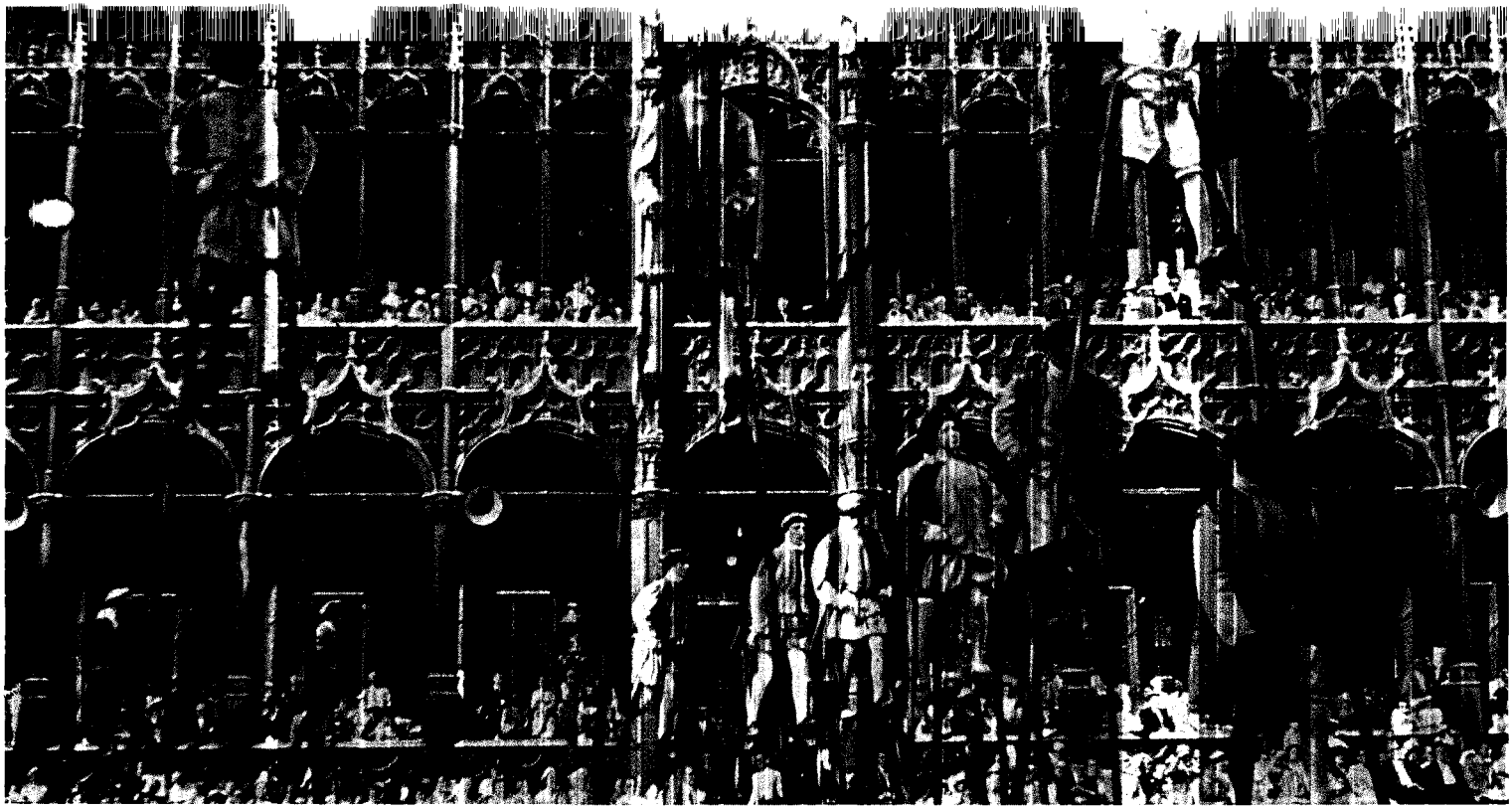

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The Calendar issue will be fully illustrated by the World Travel Awards photographs. One of the prize winners will be reproduced on the cover of the January 4th issue.

The Awards pictures will be chosen by the following judges, all distinguished in the field of photography:

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Leopold Godowsky—Co-inventor of Kodachrome.

The important thing is to read the complete rules below, and start sending in your entries now, either color or black-and-white.

Deadline for entries is October 15, 1963.

SR's 1962 PHOTO CONTEST WINNERS

Ralph C. McGoun, professor of dramatic arts at Amherst College, 1962 winner of the grand prize for color. Professor McGoun won a round-trip to Tokyo for his picture of "Devastation Trail" at the Hawaii National Park.

James Gianelos, an engineer from Cleveland, Ohio, 1962 winner of the grand prize for black and white. Mr. Gianelos' landscape taken at Einseideln, Switzerland, won him a round-trip to London.

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Should the Grand Prize winners prefer some other trip than the ones outlined above, the equivalent for one or two persons can be arranged on request.

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1. The contest is strictly for amateur photographers. Anyone is eligible except employees of Saturday Review, members of their families, and individuals who personally, or any members of whose families, are engaged in the manufacture, sale, commercial finishing, or professional use of photographic goods.

2. Pictures must have been taken after July 1, 1962, during a trip away from home for either holiday or business purposes.

3. **Black-and-white photographs**

a. Prints must be submitted in glossy prints 8 x 10 unmounted.

b. On the back of the photograph must appear: name and address of photographer; make of camera and film used in taking the picture; date and place it was shot.

c. Developing and printing may be done by a photo-finisher or the entrant. No composite pictures such as multiple printing or montages are eligible. No art-work or retouching on prints or negatives from which they are made is permitted.

d. No negatives should be submitted.

e. No prints will be returned.

4. **Color photographs**

a. Transparencies must be originals and must be mounted in cardboard.

b. Color prints must be 8 x 8 or 8 x 10, unmounted.

c. Stereos are eligible. Only one transparency need be sent.

d. The same data must be given as specified above for black-and-white prints and must be written on the mount of each transparency or on the back of each print.

e. Transparencies and color prints will be returned to entrant only if accompanied by return postage.

5. Saturday Review assumes no responsibility for negatives, prints or color transparencies, but reserves the right to publish within its own pages as part of the Awards competition any pictures submitted, whether winners or not.

6. To enter the contest, mail no more than two black-and-white pictures and/or two color pictures to this magazine's World Travel Photographic Awards Department. All entries must be postmarked no later than October 15, 1963, to be eligible for judging. **IMPORTANT: NO MORE THAN FOUR PICTURES, TWO IN EACH CATEGORY, CAN BE SUBMITTED BY ANY ONE ENTRANT.**

7. Pictures will be judged on photographic quality and originality in choice and treatment of subject. The decision of the judges will be final.

8. Before receiving a final prize, the entrant must sign a statement that his picture, or any closel similar picture of the same subject or situation, has not been and will not be entered by him in any photographic contest other than the one conducted by this magazine, and has not been and will not be offered for publication in any manner prior to January 4, 1964. Winning pictures become the property of Saturday Review.

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SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

A Bergman Film, A New York Festival

INGMAR BERGMAN has referred to his most recent films—of which *Winter Light* is the latest—as his "quartets." The analogy is not only to music, but, as in the case of the Beethoven quartets, to a treatment of a subject that contains spiritual and philosophical implications.

In *Through a Glass, Darkly,* a mentally stricken young woman encounters a "spider God" that causes her to retreat into a world of estrangement. But she had lost her ability to love—and "love," Bergman implies, is the closest approach to spirituality that man can make. In *Winter Light* his examination of the same (or a similar) theme turns bleaker. A pastor in remote northern Sweden has lost his hold on faith; he, too, refers to the possibility of a "spider God," and eventually concludes that he must proceed with his ceremonials—to act, in other words, as though God does exist.

Spiritual anguish has been portrayed in films before, most notably in Robert Bresson's *Diary of a Country Priest,* and not quite so notably in movies made from the novels of Graham Greene. There is no need to quarrel with the dramatic treatment of such material, and Bergman's religious (sometimes antireligious) preoccupation has distinguished several of his films. Nevertheless, there is something tenuous and unrealized about *Winter Light;* one's emotions are hardly touched at all by the dilemma of a pastor who must provide a man with a faith to live when he himself has lost his essential faith. The problem of the would-be suicide (Max von Sydow) seems a contrivance; his depression comes from his having heard that the Chinese have an atomic bomb and his fear no moral scruples will prevent them from using it.

The pastor can provide no comfort or hope for the man in this godless world. Meanwhile, he is involved in a furtive affair with a drab schoolmistress (Ingrid Thulin), a chilly passion made up of winter sniffles and eczema, and hampered by the pastor's memories of his dead wife. The futility of their miserable existences becomes even more stark when the pastor holds a service at which only his mistress and his church warden are present; he presides over the devotions nevertheless. One must give all credit to Bergman for his stern, uncompromising seriousness, and to the immaculate acting of the principals. Gunnar Bjornstrand, as the pastor, is, as always, a commanding, convincing figure. But it would be wrong to say that anything powerful has been wrung from the muted story. This is a colder, more rarefied film than any Bergman has previously given us; its details are neither subtle nor intricate enough to justify its lack of coloration.

Claude Chabrol is the most hyperactive of the younger French directors. He zips from film to film, facile, clever, and seldom profound. Hard on *Landru* comes *The Third Lover,* a rather insubstantial, low-budget undertaking that Chabrol has foxily made intriguing and diabolical for much of its length. He uses a narration by the chief character, a young French novelist living in Germany, to develop the story, and employs a hand-held camera to get some vivid background shots of downtown Munich and the atmosphere of the Munich Beer Festival. Unfortunately, it all turns out to be sleight-of-hand, for Chabrol occupies us with little more than a routine melodrama.

The young novelist (Jacques Charrier) has become envious of a famous German author and his pretty French wife. He worms his way into their confidence, attempts to discover the secret of their idyllic companionship, and eventually decides to destroy it. So far, so good. But the extraordinary husband and wife turn out to be very ordinary people, all too easily destroyable. Chabrol has a gift for technical invention, and it's too bad that it wasn't matched, in this case, by an equally fertile writer's imagination. He allowed what could have been a superior melodrama to go down the drain.

LINCOLN Center has decided to bring motion pictures into the conclave of the performing arts by holding an annual film festival in Philharmonic Hall. We won't have long to wait, either. The premiere festival will be held next September 10, and will go on for ten days, fully open to the public; seats will cost as little as $1.50. Accompanying the festival will be a ten-day program held in New York's Museum of Modern Art, the emphasis here being on films of the past ten years that have failed to reach this country. All this is to the good.

It seems to me a good idea, too, that awards for the best feature films will not be given. A showing at Philharmonic Hall should be, in itself, representative of an award, according to William Schuman of the Center. However, this excellent project doesn't amount to much more, at the moment, than a hesitant step forward. I, for one, felt a little cheated when I heard that it is the British Film Institute Festival, held in London in October, that we will largely see. The same chap, Richard Roud, will do the selecting for both, and will cull the "best" films of the various film festivals held during previous months: a festival of festivals.

Mr. Schuman takes the position that Lincoln Center can't as yet afford to go it alone in developing and selecting films for a festival. Coordinating the festival will be Richard Griffiths of the Museum of Modern Art, and Amos Vogel of *Cinema 16;* and they will bring knowledge and experience to the task. They ought to be buttressed, however, by people more actively involved in film-making, to help avoid the earnest but sometimes deadly atmosphere of institutional film-showing.

There will be no glamor at the New York festival (stars and starlets are out), but Lincoln Center could be an active force in encouraging film-makers by singling out those who struggle against the continual lack of a worthwhile commercial outlet. I refer to the dedicated makers of short films. Some, such as Zinneman, Resnais, Lindsay Anderson, and Shirley Clarke, advance to feature film status, but it's a long, hard pull. A $50,000 first prize for the best *short* film, and appropriate second and third prizes (with the stipulation that the money be applied to further film production), would give talented movie people a chance for more substantial undertakings. The public, and our own film industry, would benefit eventually. Just think of the endeavors that would result from the mere announcement of such prizes- —HOLLIS ALPERT.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1032

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1032 will be found in the next issue.

VIP IDFBN DW WDGGK SBP HPSNFB'Q MK VIP AGDAE; MFV DW TRNQDH JD AGDAE ASJ HPSNFBP.

MGSEP.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1031

I live in the crowd of jollity, not so much to enjoy company as to shun myself.

—DR. JOHNSON.

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TV AND RADIO

Reviving the Ad Lib

FILM, videotape, and rehearsed spontaneity have whittled the ad lib almost to zero on television and radio. Improvisation survives off the air, however, among program and sales executives who make policy decisions.

A few noteworthy examples have been exhibited recently at New York television stations. They cast light on a gray area in broadcasting involving commercial and free time for organizations that seek to present their views on controversial issues. WABC-TV, owned and operated by the American Broadcasting Company, received a request for paid time from the Stuart-Miner advertising agency, which represents the United Federation of Teachers (AFL-CIO). The agency had prepared a half-hour film presenting its client's views on New York City's school budget, which the mayor was planning to submit to the Board of Estimate.

The UFT is the recognized bargaining agent for 20,000 New York teachers (half the total number in the city). Its opinions on New York's perpetual school crises are obviously a matter of public interest. The agency's request for thirty minutes of commercial time was made three weeks in advance of the proposed air date. The station's time salesman discussed availabilities with Paul Miner, head of the agency, and suggested a time spot adjacent to the Sunday-afternoon movie. The salesman said the movie was sold out but could be shortened to open up a time period. (Collapsing movies to accommodate late customers is a common practice. Stations "make good" any commercial spots that may have to be moved by shifting them to other time periods.)

The agency for the teachers' union submitted its script to the station. It was cleared by the legal department. And this is where the ad lib came in. WABC-TV's general manager turned down the sale. It appears that he had approved sales of time adjacent to the Sunday movie in preceding weeks for other commercial clients, and had found that it "cut down the movie ratings." Mr. Miner's response was: "You felt no need to turn down additional clients in previous weeks. Why make this executive decision *now*—involving a program vital to the community's interests?" The agency was willing to discuss alternate availabilities, but none was forthcoming.

Commenting on the incident afterward, the agency head remarked: "Show me the log of any station and I can show you how to clear time easily. There are generally reruns of shows like *Maverick* or *Lassie* that can be moved without loss of revenue to the station." WABC-TV, commenting on the incident, explained that its sister radio station in New York has run schedules for the United Federation of Teachers in the past. It said that no anti-labor bias was involved and that the turn-down was the result of an accidental conjunction of events.

The agency head asserts that he was startled by this apparently capricious change in policy without any reasonable explanation, especially since it was not the only refusal experienced by the teachers' union. He requested time for the thirty-minute program from three other New York local stations, WOR-TV, WNEW-TV and WNBC-TV. Only the first, an RKO-General station, made time available in Sunday periods without any complications. The other two stations declined to carry the program, under circumstances that appeared to the agency to be improvised. WNEW-TV, a member of the Metromedia, Inc., group of stations, also had a movie on Sunday afternoon, all sold out, and said that it was therefore unable to accommodate the teachers' program about the school crisis.

THE station offered the agency afternoon time during the week, which the latter didn't buy. WNEW-TV had sold time to the agency for labor union programs in the past. The salesman at WNBC-TV, when presented with the union's request, thought that time on his station could be cleared. After checking with program department executives, however, he reported that no commercial time was available. He added that if the UFT could not buy time on any other New York television station, WNBC-TV would make available, on a free-time basis, one half-hour on a regularly scheduled Saturday afternoon series of the National Education Association. The UFT could provide its own material for that program, he said, but the station would reserve editorial control to balance the presentation of the controversy. Mr. Miner, recalling the experience, noted that the NEA has fewer than 2,000 teacher-members in New York City, in contrast to the UFT's 20,000. He also remembered that WNBC Radio in New York had sold time to the teachers' union for a thirteen-week series of programs in 1961 and 1962 when the union was organizing. A representative of WNBC-TV, when queried about the UFT request for time, said the station had decided that the Board of Education should also be heard from on the same program. FCC guidelines, requiring fairness and balanced presentation of opposing views in the public interest, leave it to the licensee's discretion whether he sells time or gives it away for the discussion of controversial issues.

MANY stations have adopted a policy of not selling time at all for controversy; they prefer exclusively to give free time under their editorial control. Often this policy works fairly; not infrequently, however, an organization requesting time fails to get it because an opponent refuses to appear. Unions generally need time during contract negotiation emergencies when strikes are threatened, and opposition stalling may delay acceptance until the time-buy is worthless. The free-time policy also may enable a licensee to screen out program material that might annoy advertisers or create uncomfortable public relations. Stations that elect to sell time may antagonize organizations when they turn down sales for good or bad reasons, particularly if the organizations are in an urgent mood. The 20,000 New York teachers in the Federation swallow with difficulty a decision that places a higher valuation on a few points of rating for an old movie than on their contribution to a vital public discussion about the critical condition of the city's schools.

In short, stations that sell time court trouble when they don't deliver, and stations that give time risk the impression of hypocrisy despite attempts at fairness. The hazards are compounded when a station both sells and gives away time and for controversial issues, attempts to ad lib a zigzag course between the two policies.

What is needed is a fresh look at the problem by both the industry and the FCC. The commission, in its 1949 Editorializing Report, set forth general principles, but there are few decisions on record and apparently the FCC hasn't given much thought to the matter. Curiously, a 1945 FCC decision ruled specifically that refusing to sell time for controversial issues is inconsistent with the public interest.

Hopefully, renewed discussion of the problem will lead toward clear, consistent and fair principles and away from the quicksand of the policy ad lib.

—ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

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PHOTOGRAPHY

IN THE FINE ARTS IV

Leading Museum Directors Select Pictures for Exhibition

EXACTLY four years ago *SR* earmarked a special issue "to serve the cause of photography as a fine art." Since then, photography has become one of its regular departments, for there is no more eloquent spokesman for its place among the arts than the fine art of photography itself.

Throughout the year, *SR* is invited to cover a great number of photographic events—exhibitions, competitions, conferences, programs, projects—a prime example of which is a series of exhibits directed by Ivan Dmitri for his organization, Photography in the Fine Arts. The examples that find their way into these pages are those that seem to us to reflect some topical theme or significant trend, perhaps an unexpected point of view or an unusual point of departure. We seek the newsworthy, the noteworthy—but, above all, we look for pictures that invite the eye's pleasure.

In this issue we feature a group of notable photographs from the PFA show that opens May 16 at the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York City, remaining on view there until summer's end takes it touring museums and galleries across the country.

This exhibit—the fourth in an annual series sponsored by Photography in the Fine Arts—is of interest to us for two reasons. First, every PFA exhibit to date has included more than a fair measure of impressive pictures—a point, by the way, generally conceded even by some of the project's more vocal critics. Secondly, the material ultimately selected for exhibition reveals one answer to the question: "What would museum and art experts choose if they were planning to hang photographs in their own institutions' galleries?"

Seen as a collection, the 150 black-and-white and color prints of PFA IV display a disarming diversity of subject, technique, and mood—not so surprising when we recall that the composite represents camerawork originally created for many different media and purposes.

Judging was by majority vote of PFA's National Advisory Committee, a nine-man panel of art-museum authorities. In making its final selection, the national jury considered more than a thousand nominations previously screened and qualified by special juries established by various photographic societies, associations, agencies, and schools. (This year PFA also inaugurated its own Special Committee of Invitation, headed by Beaumont Newhall, in an effort to attract additional nominations from sources not tapped by the existing network of screeners.)

At no time did the jury think in terms of the "greatest"—or even "great"—photographs. Its aim was simply "to study the nominations and give opinions of them as examples of art." James J. Rorimer's only instruction to his colleagues was this: "Look at the picture. Do you like it? Follow your instincts." For such men, this undoubtedly was excellent advice—somehow reminiscent of Berenson's "faith in trained observation and educated feeling" whenever a client's fortune and his own reputation as a judge of art hung delicately in the balance.

As for the validity of PFA's basic premise, its operational procedure, its principles of selecting and judging, discussion could go on forever—and perhaps will. All we are concerned with here is that the current show at the Metropolitan does bring to public attention some of the exceptional work being done by photographers today.

To be sure, Santayana was not thinking about the art of the camera as he formulated his esthetic doctrine. But his observation that "beauty is pleasure objectified" is nowhere more apt than when applied to fine photographs. We hope your eyes find much pleasure in this selected portfolio from PFA IV.

—MARGARET R. WEISS.

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Taking a first look before final judging begins are, from bottom to top, PFA jury members Bartlett H. Hayes, James J. Rorimer, A. Hyatt Mayor, Carl J. Weinhardt, Bryan Holme, and, at left, Leslie Cheek.

PFA IV National Jury

Museum Directors Who Selected Winning Photographs

James J. Rorimer (Chairman), Director, Metropolitan Museum of Art.

Leslie Cheek, Jr., Director, Virginia Museum of Fine Arts.

Bartlett H. Hayes, Jr., Director, Addison Gallery of American Art.

Bryan Holme, Director, Studio Books—Viking Press.

A. Hyatt Mayor, Curator of Prints, Metropolitan Museum of Art.

Beaumont Newhall, Director, George Eastman House.

Perry T. Rathbone, Director, Museum of Fine Arts, Boston.

Gustave von Groschwitz, Director, Department of Fine Arts, Carnegie Institute, Pittsburgh.

Carl J. Weinhardt, Jr., Director, Minneapolis Institute of Arts.

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A MATTER OF OPINION

By A. HYATT MAYOR, *Curator of Prints at the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York City.*

IF YOU had been a political prisoner in Renaissance Venice, you would have been locked up in the water-level dungeons known as the Wells, or under the metal roof in the stifling garrets known as the Leads. After some days all alone, you would be led into a small, somber room to stand before three black thrones occupied by three black-robed judges. You would not be at your best.

Many photographers suppose that some such ordeal awaits their creations when they send them to the PFA jury. After getting dog-eared in storage, they imagine, their photographs will be thrown before a dozen judges, of whom most are incompetent and all are brutal. There will be a chorus of devilish yells as the work is cast to the ground. Some photographers, with more understanding, think that the judging is at best whimsical and that the same jury, on a different day after a different lunch, would pick an entirely different show.

The actuality is more sober, as I know from having worked on all the PFA juries since 1959. Each jury has been selected with an eye to covering the widest possible spectrum of interests, though all focus in one way or another on picture-making with a camera. I say picture-making with a camera rather than photography because the jury is interested only in the pictures set before them and not in the technical cookery that went into their production. An audience at a concert does not care whether a pianist has played a certain passage with his right hand or his left, provided he has made it express the composer's design. The 1963 jury was gathered out of that section of the well-informed and deeply interested public which has a profoundly significant effect on reputations in the arts.

On December 6, 1962, we assembled in Ivan Dmitri's large and well-lighted office-studio, hung with his color photographs and with the etchings that he used to make under his real name of Levon West. In the corner of the biggest room his old etching press, still in perfect working order, gave historical perspective and a sense of the wholeness of the arts. All the photographs to be judged were stacked around the walls on low cabinets, marked only by projecting numbers. As we came in, each one of us got a general idea of the work by looking separately at each photograph. If a juror thought a photograph to be really undistinguished, he would put it on the floor in a preliminary weeding-out. Or, if he thought a photograph on the floor should go before the assembled jury, he put it back on a cabinet. Before the judging began, therefore, every juror had seen every photograph at least once, and the photographs had been separated into those nobody liked, and those that at least one juror approved of.

EACH person has his own way of scrutinizing a photograph. Some squint to blur detail, some study the picture up close to see grain and texture. I myself look first for the human impact, and I ask myself, "Does this enrich me with something—some way of seeing—that I never suspected? Am I meeting an original personality, either the photographer's or the sitter's?" If something fresh in the picture has flagged me by saying hello, then I want to find out whether the picture has organization. To reduce it to the bones of its pattern, to rub out the smile on the face and the romance of the sunset, I turn the picture upside-down. This instantly answers the question: "Is the design at odds with itself, or does everything cooperate?"

While we were moving around the walls we all talked, but when we took our seats for the actual judging, there was silence, not imposed by any command, but arising because each juror was utterly absorbed in trying to decide whether or not to vote for the photograph that he held in his hand. If he thought yes, he wrote the number of the photograph on a pad of paper and then passed the print on to his neighbor. Rarely did anyone turn the photograph around to read the name. At intervals, Ivan Dmitri's secretary would tear off the top sheets of the pads to add up the votes.

In the days that followed, as we thought about the judging, we felt we could not have done otherwise. A different jury would of course have picked a somewhat different show, but given this jury, at this time, no show but this one could result. Ten years from now we would naturally see these photographs with other eyes, conditioned by another period. We would then see that many things that looked individual at the time really fell into a pattern, and we might come to like some things that we do not like at present. I do not, however, think that we spurned any future Cézannes, for all of us today are so afraid of behaving like the stupid early critics of the Impressionists that we have abdicated our right to condemn anything contemporary. We err as stupidly as they, but in the opposite direction. I am sure, therefore, that no really original new talent was thrown out of the PFA show.

It is, of course, quite possible that the whole idea of a jury presents insurmountable difficulties. A choice by vote is by definition a compromise of the average. Each juror of the PFA show must regret the inclusion of at least one of the photographs, and would rather have included at least one of the photographs rejected. A large number of judges is perhaps the best way of insuring a fair choice, but fairness may be beside the point in the arts. The object of an exhibition should be to fascinate and to widen horizons. It might be best to cast the democratic process to the winds and to install one dictator for each exhibition, who would consult no one and nothing but his own lights and prejudices. Such an exhibition would be the image of the man who composed it—provocative if he is provocative, dull if he is dull. Whatever he does, if this dictator is wise, he will get himself out of stone's throw before the results become public.

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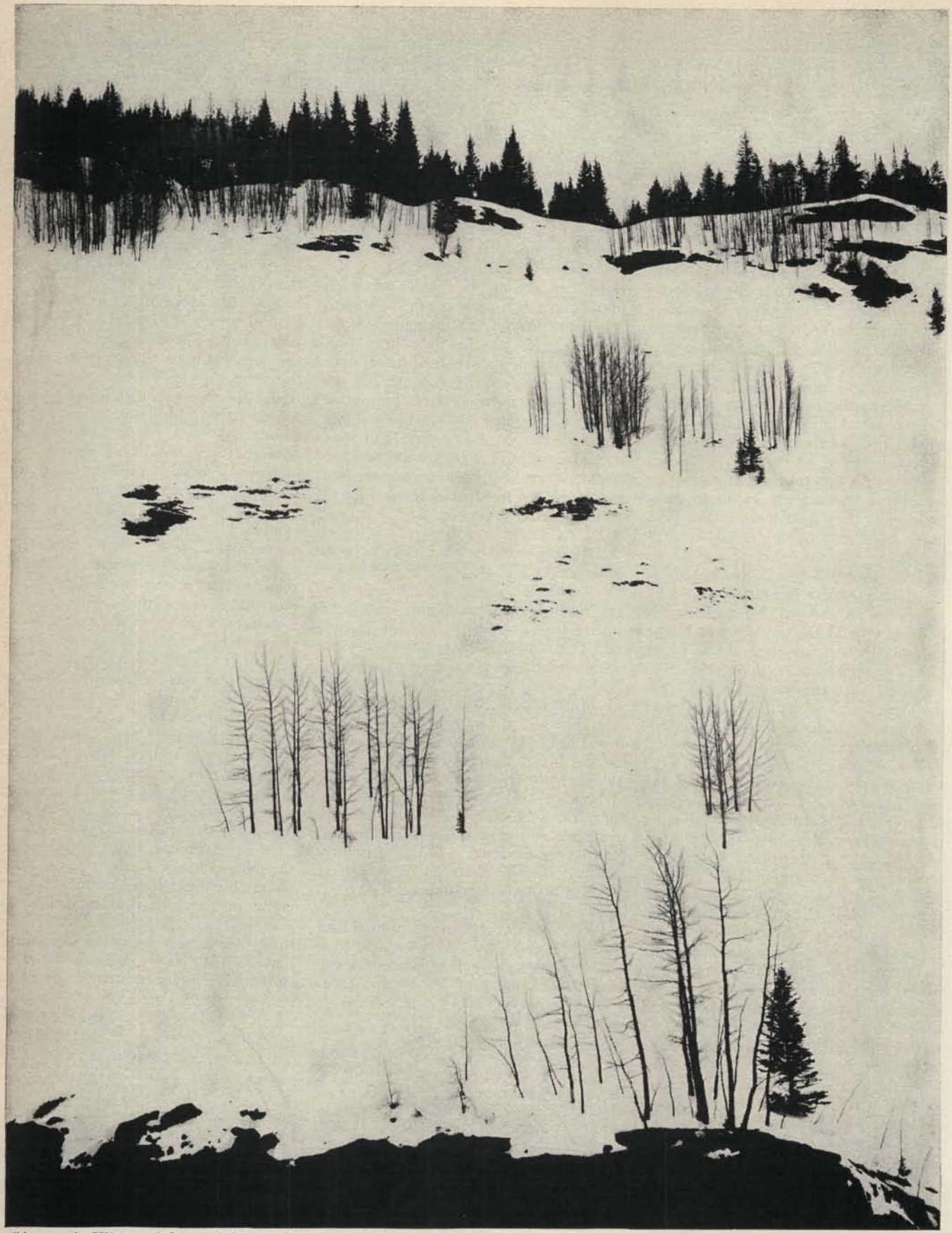

"Aspens in Winter, Colorado," by Don Worth

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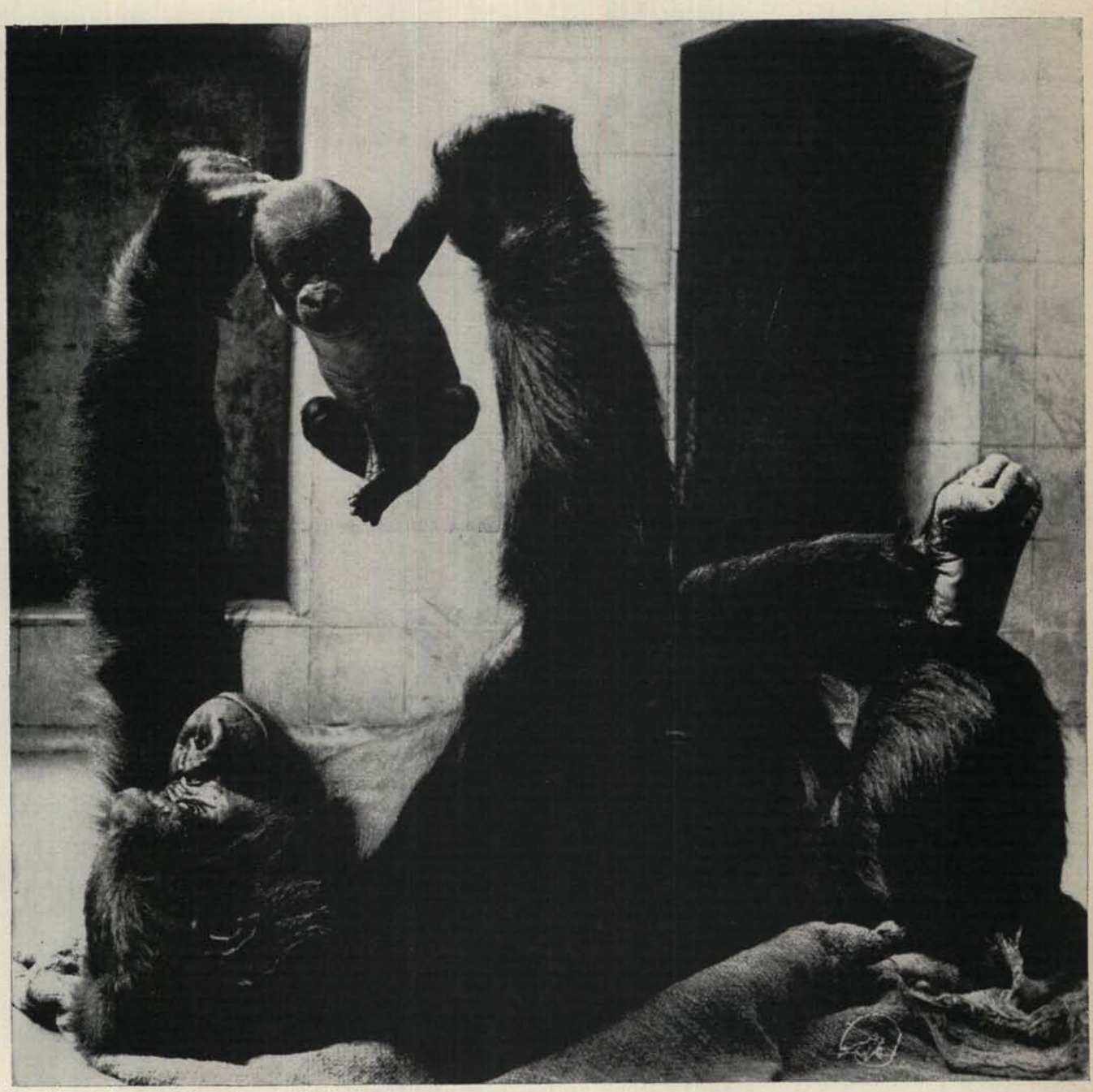

"Gorilla Mother and Baby," by Elsbeth Siegrist

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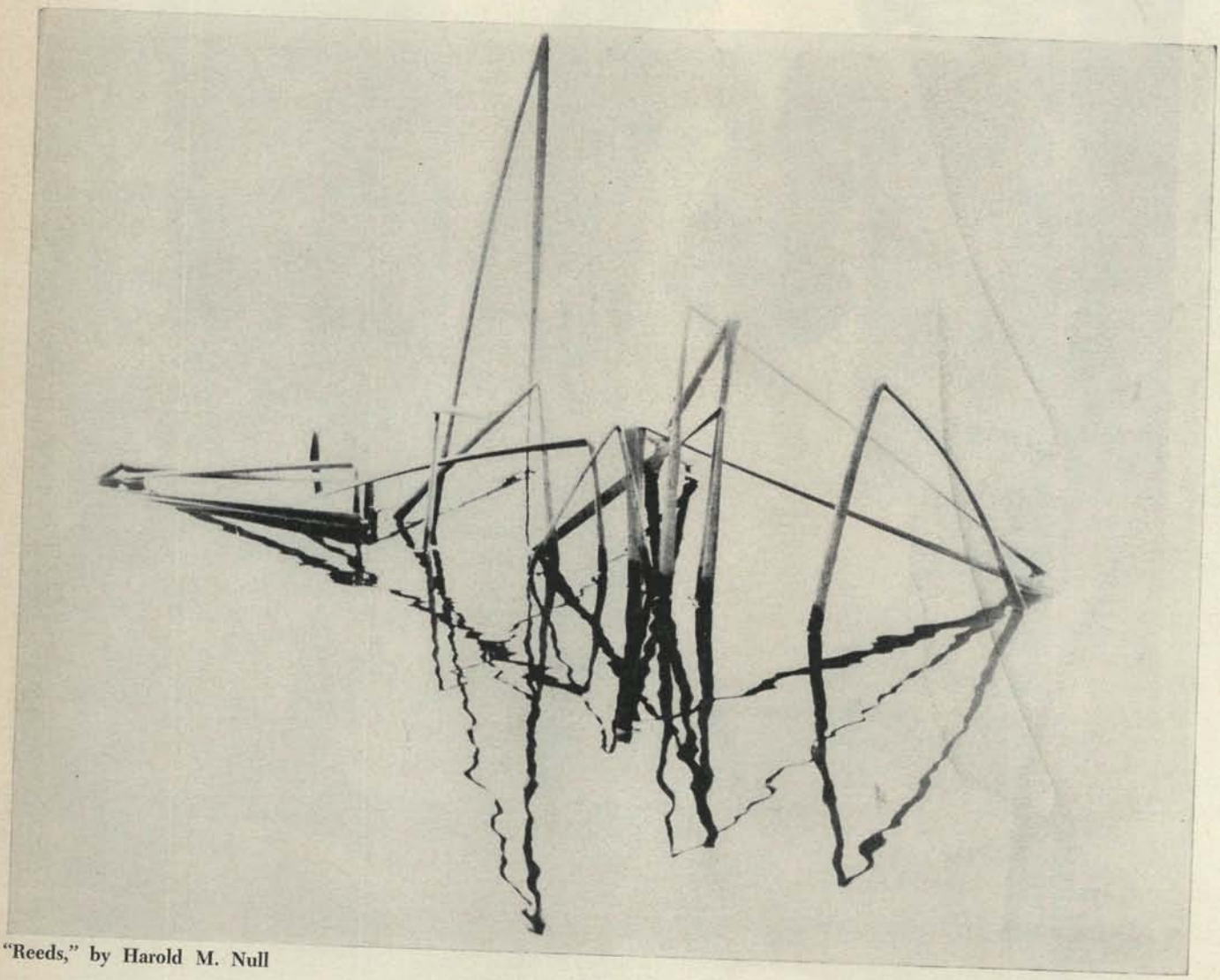

"Reeds," by Harold M. Null

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NORMAN C. KERR
Transcendental Rust

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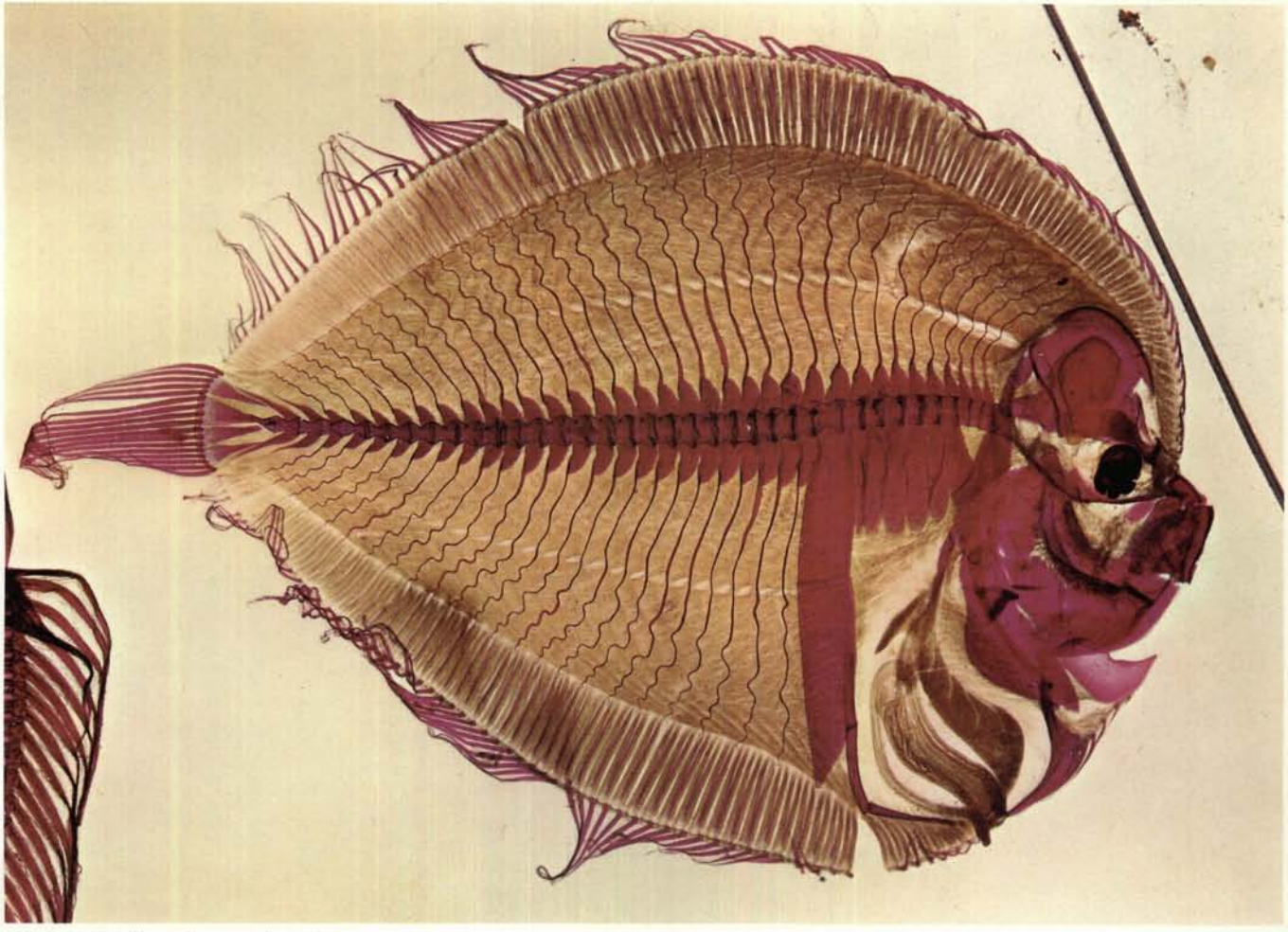

LYNN C. WALL: Microscopic Fish

H. LANDSHOFF: Brass Nameplates

eft) SUZANNE HAUSAMMANN
Hommage à Hans Rosbaud, Conductor

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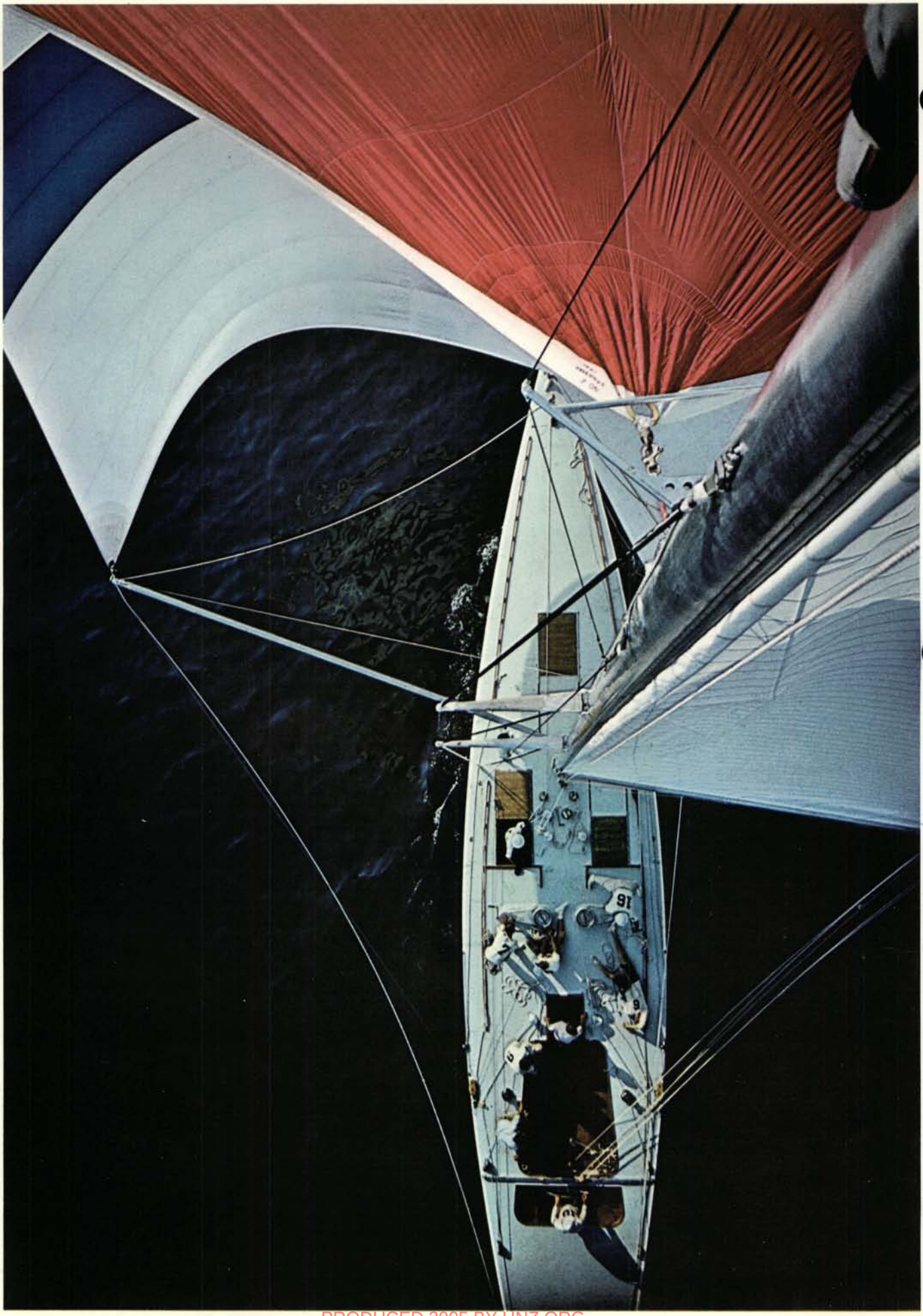

GEORGE SILK: Nefertiti From the Mast

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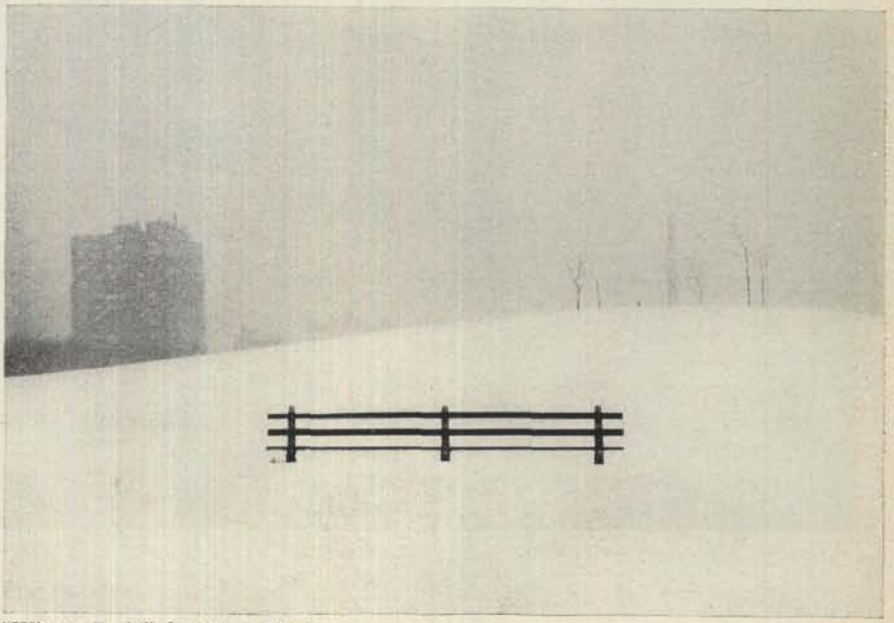
"Finishing Up," by Martin Schmidt



"Winter Park," by Burk Uzzle

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"Il Duomo, Milan," by Peter Fink

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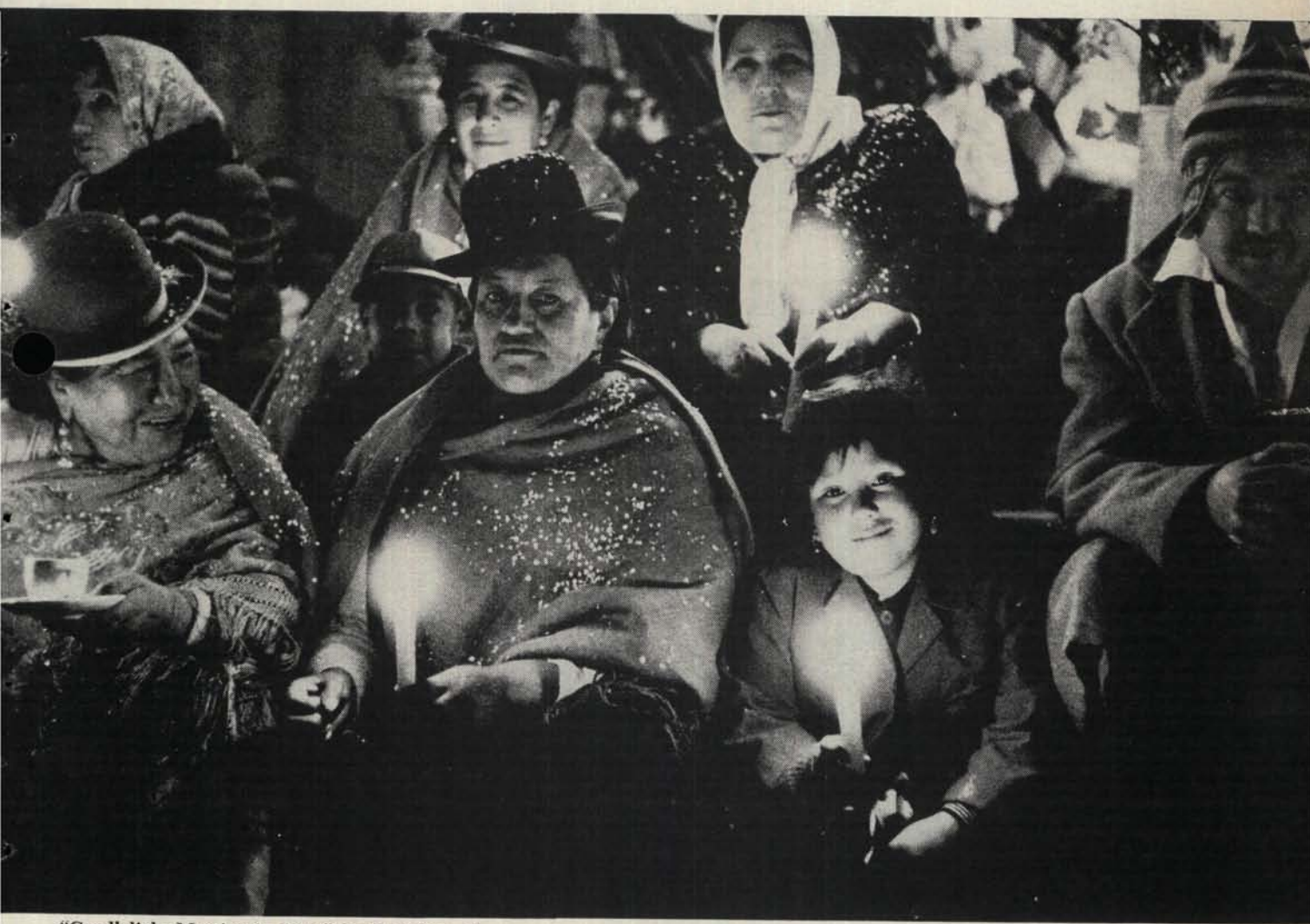

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"The Israeli Scribe," by Archie Lieberman ►

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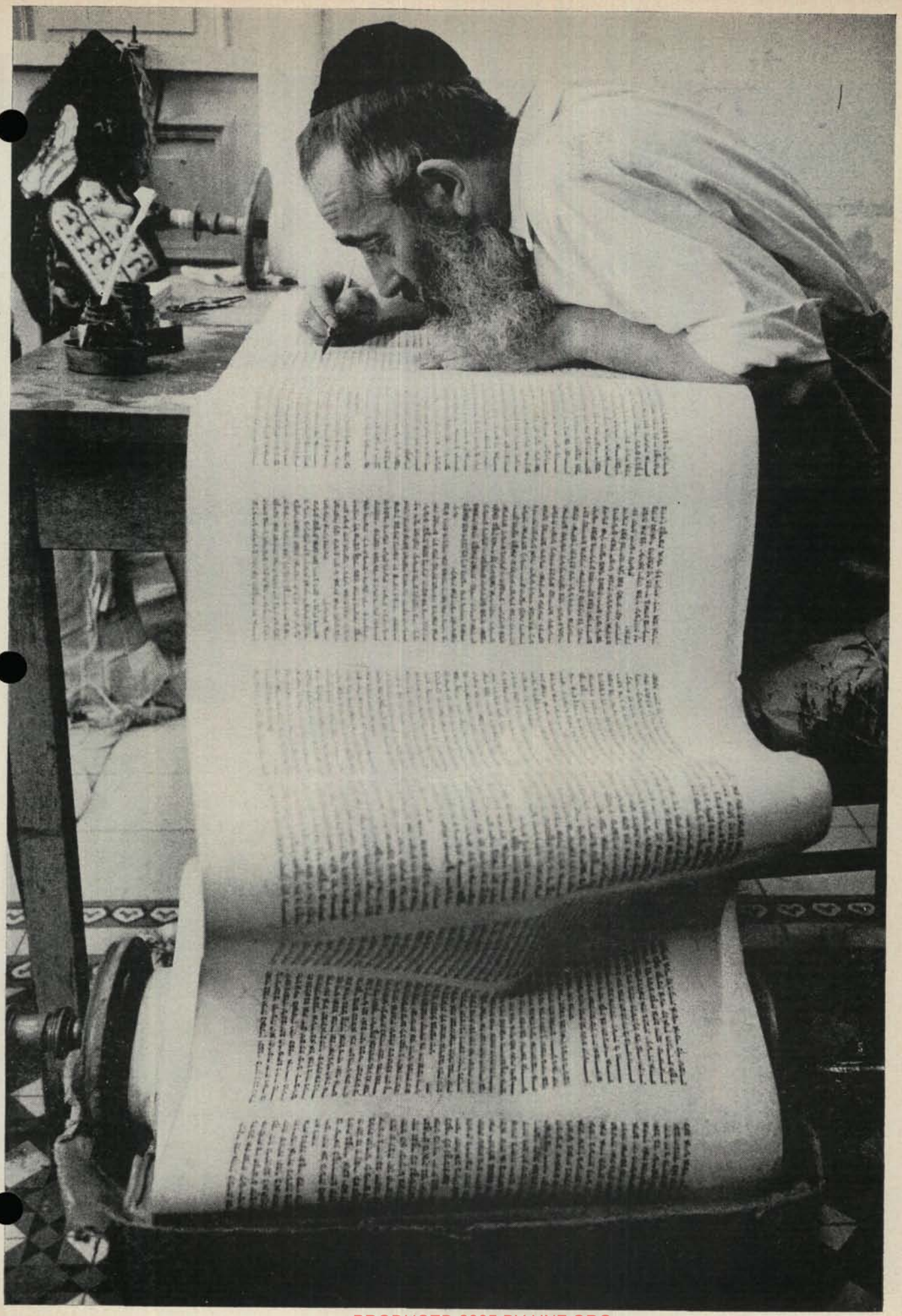

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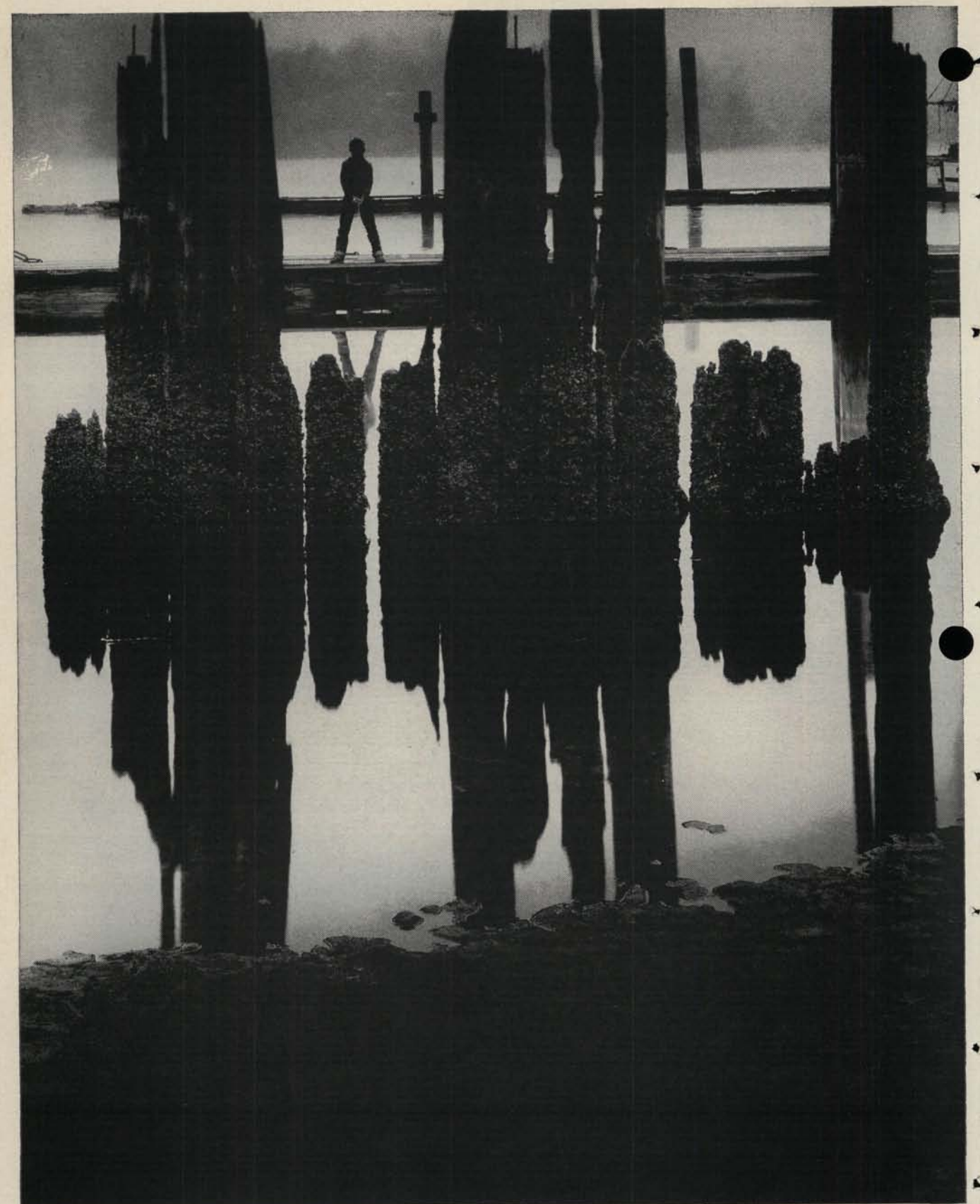

"Boy Fishing," by Wynn Bullock

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"In Quotes"

"Do we not speak the same language? Are we strangers, then, or, in our Father's house are there so many mansions that you lose your way, my brother, and cannot recognize your kin?"—James McNeill Whistler (Letter to Swinburne)

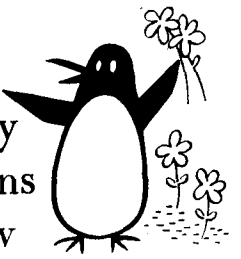
"And when the evening mist clothes the riverside with poetry, as with a veil, and the poor buildings lose themselves in the dim sky, and the tall chimneys become *campanili*, and the warehouses are palaces in the night, and the whole city hangs in the heavens, and fairy-land is before us—then the wayfarer hastens home; the working man and the cultured one, the wise man and the one of pleasure, cease to understand, as they have ceased to see, and nature, who, for once, has sung in tune, sings her exquisite song to the artist alone, her son and her master—her son in that he loves her, her master in that he knows her."—James McNeill Whistler (*Nocturne*)

"All live, all love, and I, sad and
alone, am standing
Like a dead tree against the spring
sky."—François Coppée (*Poems*)

"Over and beyond the eating and the sleeping, the mere living and dying one after another, the spirit adds, invents, creates what is better than what was before. We are thrust upward amid dangers and darknesses of our own making. We have no promise from the universe that we shall survive. We live for the growing of the human spirit, and, in spite of all, we strive toward that growth, up to the last moment of possibility."—Robert Redfield (*Talk with a Stranger*)

"Innocence so constantly finds itself in a false position that inwardly innocent people learn to be disingenuous. Finding no language in which to speak in their own terms, they resign themselves to being translated imperfectly. They exist alone; when they try to enter into relations they compromise falsifyingly—through anxiety, through desire to impart and to feel warmth. The system of our affections is too corrupt for them. They are bound to blunder, then to be told they cheat. In love, the sweetness and violence they have to offer involve a thousand betrayals for the less innocent. . . . Their singleness, their ruthlessness, their one continuous wish makes them bound to be cruel, and to suffer cruelty. The innocent are so few that two of them seldom meet—when they do meet, their victims lie strewn all round."—Elizabeth Bowen (*The Death of the Heart*)

—COMPILED BY WALTER A. WEISS.



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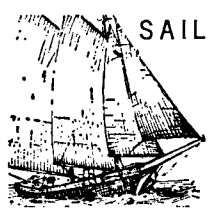

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Travel

Continued from page 34

time, was killed by the Spaniards when her husband failed to surrender. Down the pike, the Church of Santa Ana, surrounded by oleander and lavendar margarita trees, is a whitewashed colonial gem. It bears a plaque to Bolivar, who, on May 8, 1816, here proclaimed himself chief of the rebel army. Having returned from sanctuary in the West Indies after his first defeat, he advanced against the Spaniards in what was to become a series of liberations all over northern and northwestern South America.

The road from Santa Ana finds the sea at Bahía de Juan Griego, the Bay of John the Greek, with a bustling little fishing town strung along its shores. There is a cluster of cottages on the beach at La Cuchilla and the adjoining cove, where the sand is shared with barefoot fishermen in straw hats and white shirts, but one has to be prepared for rather primitive living. Each casa, as they are rather loftily called, has a three-burner stove, an ice box, a lavatory, and two small bedrooms. They are not, let me assure you, villas in Southampton, but they rent for $7 for each of the first three days and $6 after that. A commissary and a small restaurant of sorts has been installed in a modest pavilion on the sea, and there are more shops down in Juan Griego.

I rather liked the air of Pampatar on the south shore, especially its pleasant New Cadiz Hotel, an assuming inn with some colonial and some native touches to distinguish it from the usual sterile concrete boxes that have reached the apogee of their vogue in Venezuela. A long, shaded colonnade leads to the rooms, all of which have baths, air conditioning, and telephones to call heaven knows who. Sitting by the edge of the pool, one can see the Venezuela mainland scarcely more than twenty miles away in the mist.

Margarita's leading hotel is the Bella Vista, an edition of the Conahotu chain, which has sprinkled tall egg crates, with pools and gracious dining rooms, through most of Venezuela. The Bella Vista, one of its earlier ventures, is a prime specimen, and though slightly windblown now, it has a fine stretch of beach, two swimming pools, and a nightclub called La Caranta where one can moon away a Caribbean night under the flamboyant trees by the light of the blue bulbs that glow from pottery jugs.

The maître d'hotel, a displaced Portuguese, spoke clearer English than anyone I encountered in the Macuto-Sheraton, the multimillion-dollar hotel that has just opened outside of Caracas, and the menu showed the touch of a real imaginative hand. My culinary notes include *chipi-chipi*, a clear broth invested with midget clams that clink as you dip for each spoonful; and cre breakfasts of scrambled eggs with onions and tomatoes, black beans with larded meat, fried cheese and *arepas*, hard white corn meal rolls, or pork sausage with fried cheese and black beans.

WITH a breakfast like that as ballast, I could think of nothing more proper than spending the rest of the morning in a hammock, but on Margarita some excursion always seems to beckon. Perhaps the best of all of them is the trip to Arestinga, a network of bayous and lagoons that nestle between Margarita and an appendage island called Macanao, to which it is connected by nothing more secure than a bridge. A Microbus from the Bella Vista drives over a good if lonely road to the western extremity of the island, crosses the bridge, and turns into the tiny fishing village of Boca del Rio. From there, long blue canoes, equipped with outboard motors and flat white canopies seen so often in the Aegean and the Adriatic, splutter off into the Laguna Arestinga, a twisting, turning maze of bayous that snake through the mangroves. Some of the mangroves grow as high as oaks, and the birds that come rest there at dusk leave the top lea snowy with guano. Flamingoes flit among the bayous, and coots lumber off the water like fat amphibians. Among the added pleasures of Arestinga is a swim on Playa de Gallegos, a long necklace of sand strung in a soft arc between Macanao and Margarita, and a taste of the oysters that cling to roots of the mangrove trees and are eaten raw with a squirt of lime. But it is the tableau of the canoe spluttering softly into the uncharted lagoons, each turning bringing a new vista and a new surprise, silvery *lisas* jumping out of the quiet water in the orange light of the ebbing sun, flocks of birds wheeling and winging in the deepening sky, that I seem to have brought home with me from Margarita. —HORACE SUTTON.

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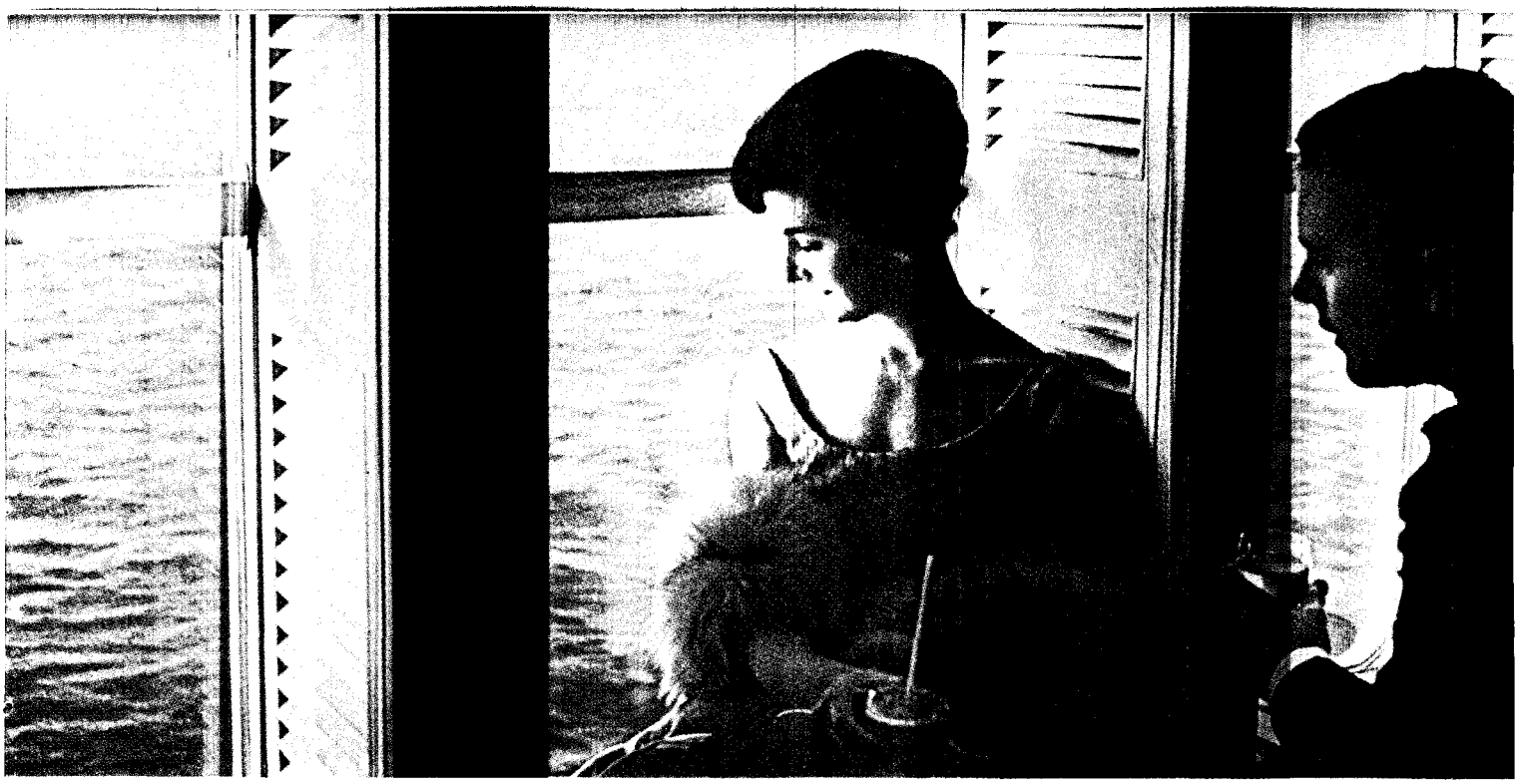

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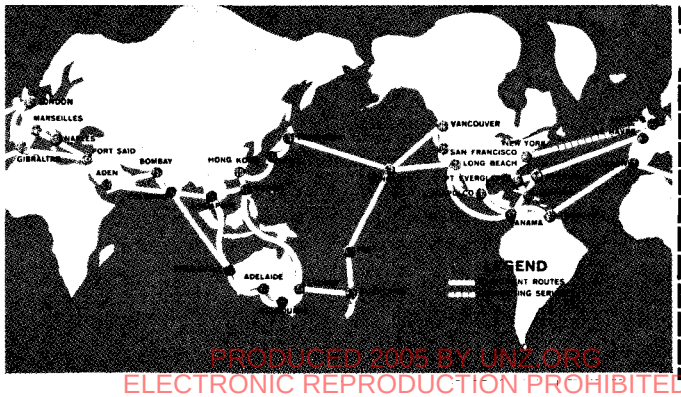

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By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS

A. Iranian province, home of the Veiled Prophet, 8th cent., conquered by both Genghis Khan and, later, Tamerlane.

B. Unwillingness.

C. Furnished with proper grounds for seeking or claiming.

cal instrument whose ctief components are "chanter" and the es".

Stoic philosopher taught that the high- good lies in reliance he inner life or char- r.

ard, tough wood of genipap.

oriel with a curved nd plan (2 wds.).

Followed by Word M, what traditionally pro- duce blossoms in May.

Accession of anything which comes in a stream.

River of Hades, last in importance in Classic mythology.

K. Range within which the unaided voice may be heard.

L. Mature but not yet mid- dle-aged.

M. See Word H.

WORDS

160 182 116 76 113 25 187 36

30 69 17 72 102 189 63 156

115 67 82 103 85 170 35 75

133 32 48 119 61 13 3

169 21 130 146 1 155 114 96 86

27 43 97 105

108 40 12 71 184 51 163 15 136

121 188 185 55 65

173 47 91 192 19 78

166 22 73 112 152

9 191 117 149 45 66 179

171 83 52 148 174 46 104 137

62 106 128 6 120 94 95

DEFINITIONS

N. Layer of connective tissue between the conjunctiva and the opaque coat of the eye.

O. English navigator, explor- er along Pacific coast of N. America (1757-98).

P. Epithet, meaning illustri- ous, given to three of the Seleucid kings (2nd and 1st cents B.C. in Syria).

Q. Acknowledge or attest a document officially.

R. A dress, popular recently, imitative of Alpine peas- ant costume.

S. Reciprocal.

T. Chinese statesman of long and varied service to his country (1859- 1916; full name).

U. Fleet.

V. Purpose.

W. One born a serf under feudal law.

X. Quality of temperament or disposition.

Y. Treat with marked in- civility.

Z. December thirty-first (2 wds.).

WORDS

11 16 145 79 186 54 99 8 90

28 147 81 139 164 134 34 132 64

38 124 84 58 74 141 20 151 158

70 118 181 33 60 176 131 5

172 161 127 53 157 88

125 153 100 57 41 23 107 190 93

26 37 77 168 98 2 101 140 56 159 109

123 42 31 10 92 165 180 167 111

80 129 135 87 162 49

24 14 138 39

142 183 126 177 154 18

59 89 150 144 50 175 110

178 143 29 4 44 7 122 68

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

■	■	1 E	2 T	3 D	4 Z	5 Q	■	6 M	7 Z	8 N	9 K	■	10 U	11 N	12 G	■	13 D
14 W	15 G	16 N	17 B	18 X	■	19 I	20 P	■	21 E	22 J	23 S	24 W	25 A	26 T	27 F	28 O	29 Z
30 B	31 U	32 D	■	33 Q	34 O	35 C	36 A	37 T	38 P	■	39 W	40 G	41 S	■	42 U	43 F	44 Z
45 K	46 L	47 I	48 D	49 V	50 Y	51 G	■	52 L	53 R	54 N	55 H	56 T	57 S	■	58 P	59 Y	60 Q
61 D	62 M	■	63 B	64 O	■	65 H	66 K	67 C	68 Z	69 B	70 Q	■	71 G	72 B	73 J	74 P	75 C
76 A	77 T	78 I	79 N	■	80 V	81 O	82 C	83 L	■	84 P	85 C	86 E	87 V	88 R	89 Y	■	90 N
91 I	92 U	93 S	94 M	■	95 M	96 E	97 F	98 T	99 N	100 S	■	101 T	102 B	■	103 C	104 L	■
105 F	■	106 M	107 S	108 G	109 T	110 Y	■	111 U	112 J	113 A	114 E	■	115 C	116 A	117 K	118 Q	119 D
120 M	121 H	122 Z	123 U	■	124 P	125 S	126 X	127 R	128 M	129 V	130 E	131 Q	132 O	■	133 D	134 O	135 V
■	136 G	137 L	138 W	139 O	140 T	■	141 P	142 X	143 Z	144 Y	145 N	146 E	147 O	148 L	149 K	■	150 Y
151 P	152 J	153 S	■	154 X	155 E	156 B	157 R	158 P	■	159 T	■	160 A	161 R	162 V	163 G	■	164 O
165 U	■	166 J	167 U	168 T	169 E	170 C	171 L	■	172 R	173 I	174 L	175 Y	176 Q	177 X	178 Z	■	179 K
180 U	■	181 Q	182 A	183 X	184 G	185 H	■	186 N	187 A	188 H	189 B	190 S	191 K	192 I	■	■	■

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 12 of this issue.

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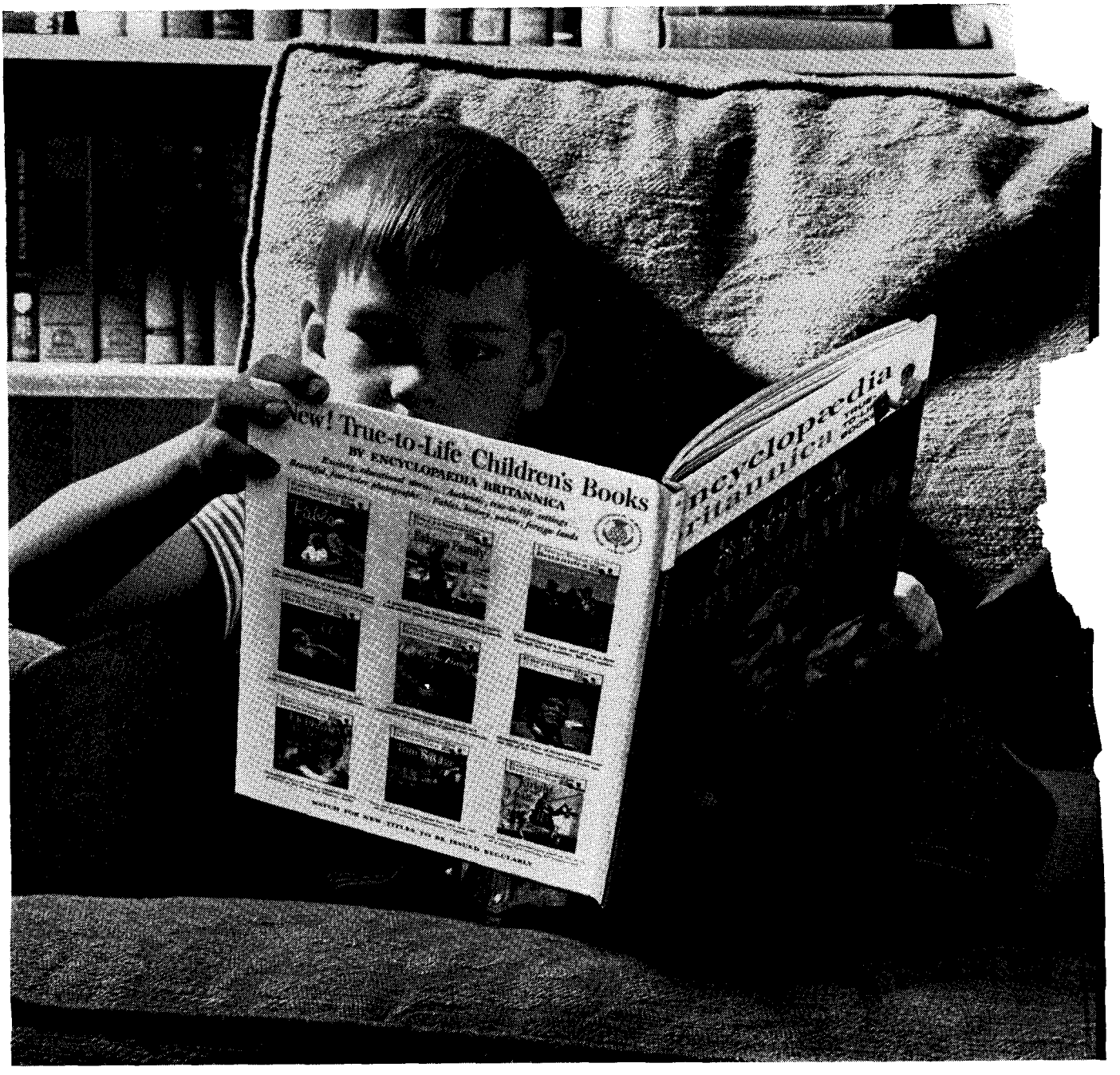

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EDUCATION IN AMERICA

Education Editor: PAUL WOODRING

Associate Education Editors: JOHN SCANLON, JAMES CASS

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Educating Women

THE EMANCIPATION of women was an achievement of the nineteenth century and the early decades of the twentieth. It is not yet world-wide, but today no American girl is denied educational opportunity because of her sex, and very few careers are closed to women.

With emancipation the feminist movement came to an end, and the suffragettes of a bygone day now seem more than a little ridiculous to a generation of coeds who have forgotten how recently their present status was achieved and how great was the struggle of those responsible for it. The victory was so complete that any girl who now doubts the equality of the sexes probably assumes the natural superiority of women.

Having achieved emancipation and equality of opportunity, women did a sharp about-face and during the Fifties, in the words of one of our authors, we heard "the thundering hoofs of women stampeding back to the nest." Women married at a younger age and the birth rate rose alarmingly. Once their right to careers outside the home was no longer denied, many women lost interest in such careers and settled for shorter periods of employment before, during, or after marriage.

What does it all mean? What caused the reversal? What does it portend and what are its implications for education? For three interpretations we have asked two perceptive women and a man who is president of a women's college to give us their views. (See pages 64, 66, 69.)

The intellectual equality of the sexes no longer is at issue. But equality of intelligence and the demand for equality of opportunity do not require that individuals differing in interests, motivation, and probable future roles be given identical education.

A century ago, when many men still believed women unqualified for higher education, women set forth to prove their equality by demanding admission to college and to the learned professions. In the East, where the men's colleges resisted the thrust, many women settled for a college education in schools promising "separate but equal" facilities, but west of the Alleghenies coeducation became the rule. Women soon demonstrated that they can compete successfully with men at all levels of education and in the most intellectually demanding professions.

But many questions remain unanswered. Is coeducation at all levels—elementary, secondary, and higher—really the best possible solution? Does the fact that girls mature more rapidly than boys mean that they should advance through school more rapidly and if so should they be in different schools during the period of adolescence?

There is little doubt that the liberal education of women should be equal to that of men but should it be identical or different? Should courses in home economics be required or elective, and at what age should they be made available? Since most women will work outside their home for some portion of their lives, should they be trained for vocations in high school, in college, or not until they are ready to go work, which, for some, will be after their children have grown up?

These are some of the problems which all of us concerned about education must face. We hope that this issue of *SR*'s Education Supplement will throw new light upon them. —P.W.

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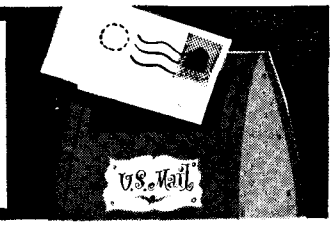
Letters to the Editor



EDUCATION FOR WOMEN

I HAVE JUST read with interest and dismay the excellent article on "Rosemary Park: New President of Barnard" [*SR*, April 20]. Having watched two gifted daughters and their friends groping successfully but with serious reservations through the "good college" mill, I am astounded that such blindness about education for women is still possible, especially in the pages of your magazine. But perhaps I should not be so surprised. The blindness is all around us.

Miss Park dismisses the biological and emotional uniqueness of women with "there being nothing as far as I know that experts have agreed on that can take the place of a dame," and then goes on to say, "Women's life is no longer bounded by the home. . . . Therefore, it is natural that offerings in women's and men's colleges should be similar, if not identical." Miss Park may very well feel as clear as she sounds. But for almost every educated married woman with children, the conflict between family life and personal development, or professional fulfillment, is far from resolved.

To achieve full individuality in rich relationship to a husband and children is in itself a highly difficult goal and a subject all to itself. But to attempt this full individuality in rich relationship to husband, children and a profession is something which in my long acquaintance with educated women, young and old, still keeps almost everybody floundering. I'm not saying that such an achievement is not desirable. I'm saying that the problems involved are enormous and that the underlying meanings of sex and marriage and parenthood, as well as full individual development, are shrouded in an abysmal fog, and that women's colleges are doing absolutely nothing to clear it up.

Does Miss Park know what her girls with "intellectual intent not wholehearted" talk about behind her back? I do. Of course they want to be complete individuals, but they want to be complete as women. They want a secure hold on their identity as women—not hoping "that some man will come along and give the answer" (to their identity) but not wanting their role to be "similar" to that of men either. They don't like the aura of the college which treats sex as a nuisance which should be brushed aside for as long as possible. They know that their sex is the rich living core of their being, the source of their power and their strength, and while they may respond with great eagerness to the development of their minds, they deeply resent the implication that sexuality is a second rate quality.

The age-old myth that sex will take care of itself is obviously untrue. Modern man's search for identity which pervades so much of our recent literature, including the theatre and films, is in great measure a search for manhood and womanhood. The more alike man and woman become emotionally, the more joy and warmth and meaning goes out of their lives. Quite apart from our society's production of "feminine" men and "masculine" women, we also produce a larger number of competitive marriages in which each partner is threatened by or envious of the qualities of the other. The frustration to the human heart is immeasurable. I won't speculate that out of this frustration come many of our most serious social and world problems, but I believe it.

With all admiration and respect for Miss Park's dedication to the intellectual development of young women, I think it is time for all colleges for both men and women to recognize that a strong proud sexual identity is the foundation on which full individuality must be built. I have no blueprint and if I had I'm sure it would include the education of the child from birth. . . .

MRS. JOHN W. CYRUS.
Milwaukee, Wis.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *There is very little agreement among educators—and even among women—on how women should be educated and for what purpose. This issue of SR's Education Supplement attempts to shed some light on the controversy.*

PRAYER IN THE SCHOOLS

THEODORE POWELL'S "The School Prayer Battle" [*SR*, Apr. 20] was excellent. But what if the Supreme Court rules *for* the Lord's Prayer? Which of the several versions of the Lord's Prayer will be decreed official? Certainly not the Roman Catholic version, the New English Bible or the Revised Standard Version all of which omit "For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever."

Shall it be the King James Version of Matthew VI, "Forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors"? Or Luke XI, "Forgive us our sins; for we also forgive every one that is indebted to us"? Are our children to be made to believe that our personal and national debts can be forgiven by God? Are our sins and trespasses a kind of indebtedness? While Mark does not give the full account of the incident leading to the giving of the Lord's Prayer, he does write, "Forgive us the wrong we have done, as we forgive those who have wronged us."

In the King James Version Matthew and Luke both state, "and lead us not into temptation," which is teaching pupils blasphemy, because James I states: "Let no man say when he is tempted, I am tempted of God: for God cannot be tempted with evil, neither tempteth he any man: But every man is tempted, when he is drawn away of his own lust and enticed."

Chief Justice Lemuel Shaw once ruled that "speaking evil of Deity . . . to alienate the minds of others from the love and reverence of God" is blasphemy. The King James Version makes a child wonder why we should ask God not to lead us into temptation. Could a teacher explain that "Lead us not into temptation" involves a knowledge of Aramaic, the vernacular of Jesus; that Jesus did not speak Greek from which our Bible's New Testament was translated? If we do not know what Jesus' words in Aramaic meant to his hearers, we miss much of what he preached. The New English Bible translates this as "Do not bring us to the test." (Hardly suitable for school pupils?) But while this is a great moral improvement over the King James Version, what the Aramaic meant was "Bring (even drag) us not to trial as an officer of the law might drag a guilty prisoner before a judge." It might also be mentioned that the Aramaic word for "debt" in rabbinical writings means "sin" and would have been so understood by Jesus' hearers—but not by our children.

My Pilgrim ancestors never used set prayers—not even the Lord's Prayer; they considered anybody capable of reading a prayer. And Jesus himself said this that would bear out not having the Lord's Prayer recited in unison by any group—especially by public school pupils of many different religious beliefs (*The New English Bible, Matthew* 6):

> But when you pray, go into a room by yourself, shut the door, and pray to your Father who is there in the secret place; and your Father who sees what is secret will reward you.

Let us pray for no Lord's Prayer being uttered in the opening exercises of our public schools.

WILLIAM R. FOSTER.
Penfield, N.Y.

YOU WOULD THINK that the Bible is pornography and prayer obscene language, the way some people are objecting to it in the public schools. "The School Prayer Battle" by Theodore Powell was most interesting in an objective wide-angle look at the subject.

Powell seemed to advocate teaching "about" religion in schools rather than having prayer and Bible reading. He said it would be far more meaningful and a real goal for every public school.

As a parent of four and a former public school pupil, I would like to urge the powers that be to keep the Bible in our schools and encourage prayer, spontaneous prayer.

J. WILSON HARRISON.
Spartanburg, S.C.

EDUCATION is indeed the proper function of the public schools, and certainly the teaching of religion as subject matter might be proper as an elected course, but Theodore Powell is mistaken if he thinks that traditional "opening exercises" conflict with this proper function.

Neither the traditional morning ceremony of verses from the Bible nor recitation of

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the Lord's Prayer (not compulsory), followed by the pledge of allegiance to the flag, is "worship." The first is a recognition of the God of the Founding Fathers, the second a salute to the flag under which freedom of religion has flourished.

If the Supreme Court rules against the custom of Bible reading and recitation of a prayer, it will be ruling with atheists and others against the "real understanding of the place of religion in the development of our civilization" that Mr. Powell thinks should be the goal of public schools.

The place of religion is in private schools, homes and churches, *which is exactly where it has always been*, until small groups began to pretend that morning exercises in public schools are religious "worship." If we are to avoid conflict, let us recognize this pretense which represents the agitation of a minority for "no religion," and a larger minority for aid to parochial schools.

We do not "worship" either God or flag in public schools. We do salute them both.

MRS. J. W. LIVINGSTON.

Buffalo, N.Y.

EDUCATION IN DEPRESSED AREAS

CONTRARY TO THE banner and the explanatory headnote of the review of *Education in Depressed Areas*, edited by A. Harry Passow, which appeared in the *Saturday Review* of April 20th, this book is not a report of a conference on education in the rural slums!

Education in Depressed Areas consists of seminal reports from eminent educators and social scientists on what we know and what we need to find out about children who grow up and attend schools in the depressed sectors of American cities. A depressed area is not necessarily a slum, nor are its inhabitants all migrants from the rural hinterland. This book, the first work to offer detailed, factual knowledge about the educational problems of depressed urban areas, helps put an end to loose talk about slums and the rural poor.

Not one report in this book assumes for a single sentence that "intelligence quotients, social class, and race are causes rather than symptoms of present educational difficulties." *Education in Depressed Areas* supplies, instead, a concise summary of current knowledge about difficulties, problems, and solutions to problems surrounding growth, learning, and social life within gravely disadvantaged neighborhoods and school districts.

The review is studded with confusion, and it ends in fatuous despair. In lieu of insight, the reviewer calls for "a new ideology." *Education in Depressed Areas*, to those of us who have read it with care, is the first book to take a major step toward the replacement of confusion with knowledge. In place of one more ideology, it offers factually verified hypotheses. . . .

ROBERT A. DENTLER,
Executive Officer
Institute of Urban Studies,
Teachers College,
Columbia University.

New York, N.Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *We regret the error in the title and in the explanatory headnote. It was ours, not the reviewer's.*

TEACHING ABOUT COMMUNISM

RICHARD MILLER [*SR*, March 23] calls for "objective materials" in teaching about Communism in this country, and deplores the "failure to utilize college and university experts." He makes two concrete proposals with which I completely agree: the establishment of a special committee financed by private sources to study the problem, and of a national clearinghouse for programs and materials.

But his article is based on the same old familiar premise: ". . . by means of rational knowledge about the opponent, one has appreciably greater chances of coming out ahead." We must be like effective baseball pitchers, he says, studying the enemy batters to discover their weaknesses. I submit that a study of Communism that begins by labeling it "the opponent" can hardly be objective, even in the sense of "intellectually honest rather than completely detached." And it leads to sloppy thinking, like the extremely misleading analogy Mr. Miller draws between our present situation and that of Athens vs. Sparta, or Britain vs. Germany. I suspect that the "lack of communication between secondary-school educators and specialists" will continue insofar as the former share Richard Miller's assumptions.

I teach a course in Western social and intellectual history in which students read and discuss works by Marx, Engels, Karl Kautsky, Lenin, Trotsky, Stalin, and Khrushchev. The reason for including these authors is the same as those for including Plato, St. Augustine, Jefferson, John Stuart Mill, Franklin Roosevelt, and Adolf Hitler. Surely it is simple "intellectual honesty" to recognize that Karl Marx was a very great thinker, from whom much can be learned about the human condition; and that Lenin was a very great leader of men, who has changed the lives of millions, and not all for the worse. I would rather live in a society based on Marxist dogmas, in fact, than on Augustinian ones; and rather Jeffersonian than either. But best of all is a society based on *no* dogmas, in which people are free to believe in God or not, in private enterprise or not, even in Communism or not.

When a reasonable percentage of our students start becoming Marxists, at least temporarily—the percentage one would expect in view of the intrinsic appeal of Marxism to idealistic youth, or even by random distribution—*then* I will be satisfied that teaching about Communism in this country is education and not propaganda. But not before.

RICHARD J. BURKE.

Rochester, Mich.

A QUESTION ABOUT ST. JOHN'S

SINCE IN YOUR "St. John's College: Four Years with the Great Books" [*SR*, Mar. 23] you implied that St. John's is not integrated, I, for one, would like to know why the "great" seminars have failed to produce any "great" action such as integration. Is this only another example of intellectuals airily mouthing philosophies while being enslaved by emotional biases?

BAILEY WHITAKER.

Long Beach, Calif.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *St. John's College took the step of admitting Negro students in 1948, six years before the U.S. Supreme Court decision of 1954. Since then it has had approximately twenty Negro students, one of whom was elected moderator of the student polity—head of the Student Government. Mr. Boroff certainly did not intend to imply that St. John's was segregated.*

A New Book on Education

McGRAW-HILL IS PUBLISHING this month a book titled *American Education Today* (292 pp., $5.95), which is based on thirty articles and editorials published in *SR*'s Education Supplement between September 1960 and February 1962.

The book is divided into seven sections: "What Are We Trying to Accomplish?" "The Changing Philosophies," "Current Issues," "Focus on Institutions," "Innovations," "Educating Teachers and School Administrators," and "Perspective."

Authors of the individual articles include John H. Fischer, Louis T. Benezet, Sterling M. McMurrin, Mortimer Smith, Jerome S. Bruner, Mauritz Johnson, Jr., Harold Taylor, William Van Til, Blaine Cooke, Charles H. Wilson, United States Senators Joseph S. Clark and Barry Goldwater, James Cass, G. W. Foster, Jr., Ethel Strainchamps, Paul Woodring, David Boroff, Henry Steele Commager, Hans Rosenhaupt, André Maurois, Lester W. Nelson, Jonathan King, Judson T. Shaplin, John Scanlon, Susan Meyer Markle, Francis Keppel, Harold Howe II, and Arnold Toynbee.

The editors are Paul Woodring and John Scanlon, and there is a preface by Alvin C. Eurich.

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"QUERELLE DES FEMMES"

By NELL EURICH, *Assistant Professor of English, Washington Square College, New York University, and formerly acting President of Stephens College.*

THE DEBATE about women — where they belong, what type of education they should receive, and what they should do with it—has been going on for a good many years, but it seems no nearer a solution now than it was nearly 2,500 years ago, when Pericles, in a tone of exhaustion, remarked to the Athenian women: "If I must say anything on the subject of female excellence . . . it will be all comprised in this brief exhortation. Great will be your glory in not falling short of your natural character; and greatest will be hers who is least talked of among the men whether for good or for bad." Thus he wisely dispensed with the issue, but the talk has gone on incessantly.

In this argument perspective appears to be the one element most needed and most lacking. Viewed with historical perspective, however, the issues can be discussed more dispassionately. All too frequently such questions are discussed as if they were new. While there are, of course, new elements in today's problems, the past is not without instruction. Moreover, evidence of the quarrel's enduring nature is easily available. Ladies in the pages of literature amply provide the various female types and their changing position in the world of men.

Michelangelo's "Adam and Eve" in the Sistine Chapel

Eve may well have set the whole thing off when she reached forth her rash hand and plucked the forbidden fruit. It was the first act of disobedience, unfortunately performed by a woman. Similarly, Pandora, the Greeks' first woman, foolishly opened the forbidden box and let loose all manner of troubles for her world. Or maybe it was Lilith, Adam's first wife according to rabbinical scholars, a woman of questionable character and not above revenge, who plunged women into a destructive role. (To the Assyrians she was a vampire operating under cover of night.) In each case, whether the pagan Pandora or the Hebrew Eve or Lilith, the lady was a trouble-maker, and her entrance upon the human stage brought tears and travail for mankind.

Yet woman also presented another image very early in mythology. From this point of view she was a constructive, life-giving force that permeated the very earth. As Demeter, she was goddess of fertility and the produce of the earth; as Aphrodite, she added beauty and love to the fruitful function; and as Eurynome, she played a most active part in creating the universe itself. Even a brief glimpse then at literary source materials reveals that the mothers of us all started out with divided and distinguished functions: they were both trouble-makers like Eve, Helen, or Medea, and at the same time they were the warm, productive and protective element of life.

During the Middle Ages early church fathers wrestled with questions focusing on women: where to put Eve in theological doctrine, whether celibacy was preferable to marriage, or more simply stated, what to *do* with women. The dispute has steadily continued, but with periods when the quarrel became more noisy and contentious. Such was the sixteenth century in France when many authors joined in the brawl and their works became so numerous they received a literary label: *Querelle des Femmes.* It was an open, public, and printed debate between feminists and anti-feminists. Cornelius Agrippa contributed *On the Nobility and Excellence of the Feminine Sex,* and many wrote apologies. Rabelais's voice was outstanding at this time when Panurge considered the problems of marriage and sought advice from many experts, including the fool. In the midst of the fracas, woman herself was generally in a secondary position. She knew her marriage would be arranged for her—the dowry was a determinant—or she would hie herself to a nunnery. Her function in society was clear. She recognized that in the great chain of being, man was slightly lower than the angels and she was slightly lower than man. But the hierarchy was being questioned in the Renaissance quarrel, and the links of the great chain were weakened.

Already in literature two basic roles for women had been established: the realistic and the idealistic, which have proceeded side by side with occasional clashes into our modern world. On the realistic line—thoroughly mortal women with their feet solidly grounded—was Chaucer's remarkable Wife of Bath who had enjoyed five husbands and certainly looked at life through no colored glasses. With jollity she sums it up: "I have had the world as in my tyme." And she goes jogging along to Canterbury while looking for her sixth mate. There have always been such realistic women who are neither searching for ideals nor expecting to be considered ideal women by the masculine sex. Later ladies may be more beautiful and better dressed than the Wife of Bath in her red stockings, but their purpose in life remains conspicuously similar. These are the Corinnas, Antheas, Julias, and Perillas from Robert Herrick's list of dainty mistresses in the seventeenth century. All apparently heeded the poet's convincing argument that life was short even as the blossom that fell only too soon after blooming:

> Gather ye Rose-buds while ye may,
> Old Time is still a flying.

Or again:

> Come, let us goe, while we are in our prime;

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"Medea," a detail from painting by Anselm Feuerbach.

Petrarch's Laura, from a miniature in the Biblioteca Laurenziana.

And take the harmlesse follie of the time.

So, like the Wife of Bath, they will have their world as in their time. It is the old *carpe diem* theme, a constant refrain from Horace on; yet still it gains adherents among pleasure-loving beauties.

A hundred years before the Wife of Bath made her memorable journey, however, the other type of lady, the ideal, had also been projected: Beatrice upon her lofty pedestal. No more complimentary position had ever been awarded woman and so Dante intended. He would say of her what "hath not before been written of any woman." And he created the great *Divine Comedy* under her inspiration and guidance.

Beatrice led the poet to self-perfection and complete understanding, to unity with God and the love that rolls the universe. Following her, Petrarch's Laura and Sidney's Stella were also inspirational symbols of virtue, but less religiously oriented; they served as the muse inspiring the poet, but they were closer and their physical magnetism was a force against which the masculine poet struggled. Yet they, like Beatrice, were unattainable and they all took off for the stars before discovery. So the ideal remained intact: to guide the man of poetry to self-perfection. This ideal too has been bequeathed to modern woman and has even made sporadic appearances in the real world. Wagner had his Mathilde, and his love for her inspired the supreme beauty of *Tristan;* Goethe also had his inspirational ladies.

While the idealistic view is still upheld by those men who wish to place their ladies in a high, invulnerable position, it has met with strong challenge through the years. At the time the Renaissance gentlemen in France were fomenting the *querelle,* their counterparts in Italy were also questioning and shifting the lady's assignment. She was helped off her pedestal gently but firmly by Castiglione and placed in the Duke of Urbino's drawing room. Certainly she was virtuous, but now she must give a thought to her talents and education, her function as a hostess, feminine charm, appropriate dress, and conversational ability. She was not only the guardian of domesticity and responsible for child-rearing, she was also expected to be witty and intelligent, at least after dinner in the drawing room. Her assignments were broadening into those we know today.

Furthermore, the *querelle* occurred, too, in that same drawing room at Urbino. The guests gathered each evening after dinner for discussion and in the group was Gasparo Pallavicino, a modern-type cynic, perhaps even a woman-hater. He directly attacked the base of the pedestal, arguing that woman was prone to the same vices and faults that plague men. Obviously she deserved no worship. The insidious undermining was apparent; the practical realist was moving into the idealist's sacred precinct.

And slowly but steadily in both literature and the actual life it often mirrors, woman was emerging into a self-determining role. Soon she no longer belonged in one assigned place, whether kitchen, bedroom, drawing room, or office. In one instance conceived by Ariosto in the first part of the sixteenth century, the paragon of feminine beauty, Angelica, even decided whom she would marry. She was sought after by the noblest knights and kings, by the great Orlando and his friend Rinaldo as well, yet she chose, of all people, a peasant boy named Medoro. Woman was coming forth in full individuality and selecting her own part in the human drama. Of course we might suspect she had found other ways in earlier times to get her heart's desire, for certainly there have been many notable examples of both feminine wile and tremendous courage, but after Angelica's shocking decision, we find more storybook ladies taking matters into their own hands, walking out of the home, and exploring the world's by-ways.

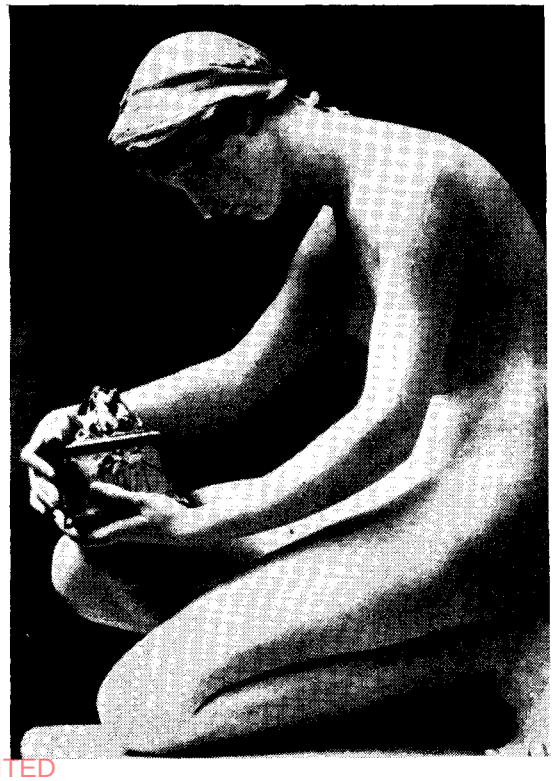
So, if we jump ahead a few centuries in time, we meet an Emma, Mrs. Dalloway, Sister Carrie, a Miss Julie, or Major Barbara—highly individualistic females who reacted very differently to life's problems. Some were tragic personalities, deeply troubled within themselves, torn between society's demands and their own desires. Here we may be face to face with Hedda Gabler and her gun or Madame Bovary with suicidal poison. The idealistic and romantic strain has more than once collided with practical reality and, unfortunately, sometimes within one character.

Modern heroines have inherited the dichotomy of these former assignments given by poets and society and, in addition they live in the midst of new freedoms and unlimited possibilities that throw them into consternation. No longer are there guideposts to follow. Society's ambivalence certainly does not help to clarify the situation. A woman is still asked to be the courtier's lady of many graces and at the same time she merits acclaim for motherhood, domestic service, intellectual acumen, and professional achievement. And, if she should wish instinctively to please the gentlemen, the male's indecision as to what he wants in a woman scarcely

(*Continued on page* 81)

"Pandora," a sculpture in the Tate Gallery.

—Photos for this article from Bettmann Archive.



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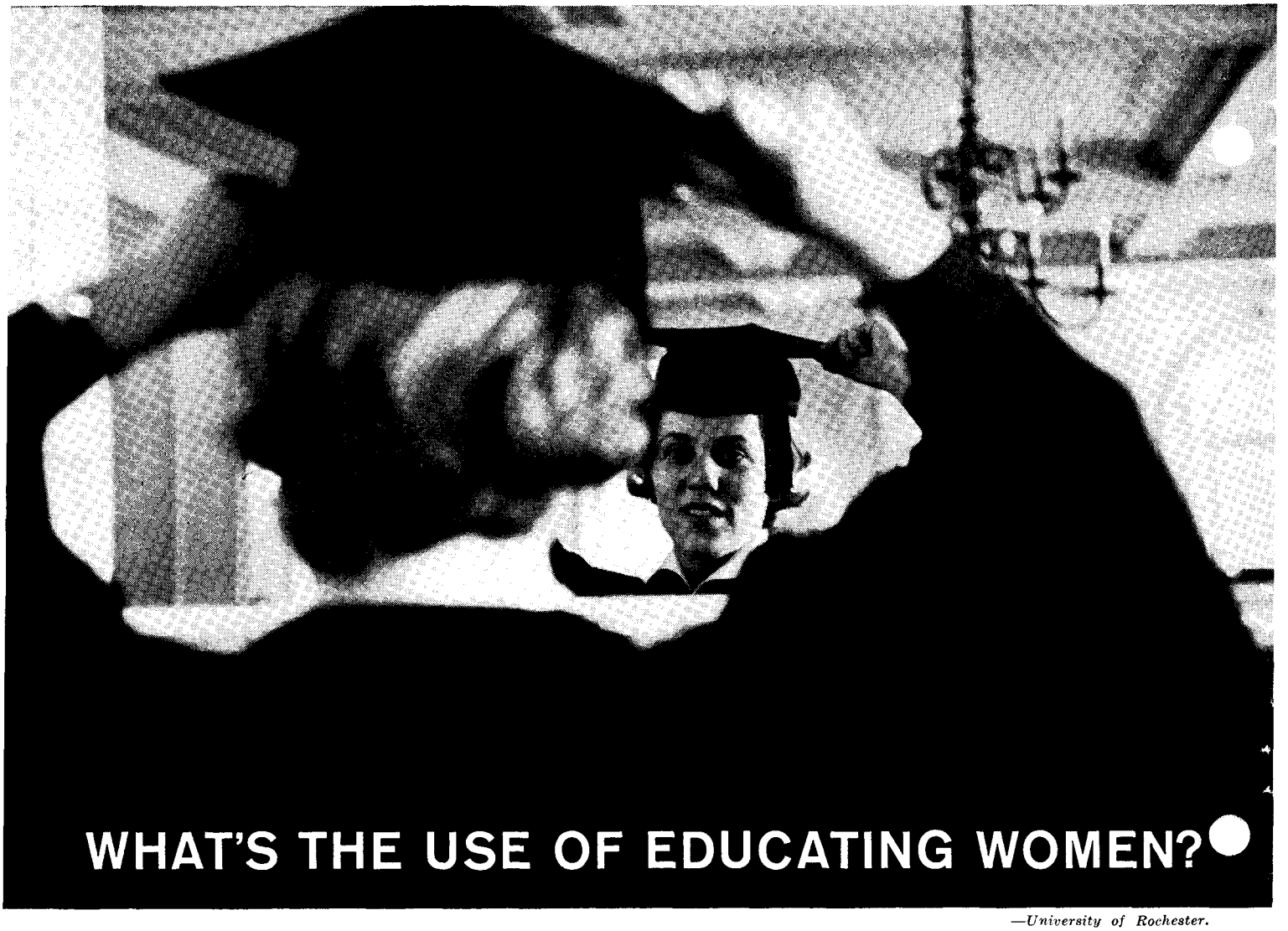

WHAT'S THE USE OF EDUCATING WOMEN?

—University of Rochester.

By EDWARD D. EDDY, JR., *President of Chatham College.*

IN HIS vigorous defense of Scotland and Protestantism, John Knox addressed several communications to his enemy, Mary, Queen of Scots. One such discourse was labeled "The Second Blast of the Trumpet Against the Monstrous Regiment of Women." In recent years there have been blasts from many quarters concerning the future of women's education and particularly of women's colleges.

Much of the published commentary on woman's education either shows a sickening condescension toward womanhood, *or* tries bravely to rise above the fact that many women like to get married. Many writers seem embarrassed by the fact that a majority of educated women choose marriage and that a number of people question the wisdom of giving a college education to the woman who is *just* a wife and mother. As little Sally in *Peanuts* observed: "I never said I wanted to be somebody important. All I want to do when I grow up is to get married and be a good wife and mother. Why should I have to go to kindergarten?"

Other commentators on women's education appear baffled by the eagerness of women undergraduates to jump at the opportunity of marriage rather than complete their education. David Riesman says that this is due to a pattern of thought among college women which he calls "very much a bird in hand—or, rather, bird in nest" philosophy. He remarks wistfully, "If only I could convince the young people I know that 'life' *will* catch up with them even if they try to escape it."

Historically, women's colleges emerged from America's reaction against the classical and European models of higher education that the new nation had originally adopted. Privately endowed Chatham College, for example, was founded in the same decade of educational rebellion that gave birth to the great majority of state universities and land-grant colleges. While Congress was struggling over the lack of practicality in education—a struggle that led to the passage of the Morrill Act in 1862—the founding fathers of the Pennsylvania Female College were worrying about ignorance among the Pittsburgh ladies.

This special concern for the education of women did not, however, lead to a special education for women. Indeed, from the outset it was considered proper to provide women with an education designed primarily for men. Diana Trilling has observed that as long as women feel inferior to men, they ought to get an education at least as bad, in order to feel that they are not being discriminated against. Thus, to this day, women's colleges have achieved little educational distinction. Essentially they offer male education to the female, who prefers to keep men at a suitable distance for the greater part of the week.

This absence of distinction in the female college raises serious questions of justification. Without such distinction, women's colleges might as well fold their elaborate tents and creep into the coeducational camp.

Why does the education of women so often lack distinction? Partly, I suspect, because American women aren't sure they really want to be women. There is a frustrating ambivalence in

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their concepts of themselves. On the one hand, women luxuriate in the male's over-idealization of the female creature; Pearl Buck calls it "angels on pedestals." The proper education of "angels" is of course that offered by the best finishing schools. Round them out, and send them out—like angelic ornaments for a Christmas tree—fragile and glittering. The male, too, relishes this over-idealization of the female. It makes him feel more masculine to be surrounded by brainless beautiful women.

Thus, the American female of the past century has been caught between the desire to enjoy the view from the pedestal and the desire to kick over the pedestal and achieve equality with men. Generally speaking, however, the modern woman who is content with equality makes the tragic mistake of confusing it with conformity. And, if we are to perpetuate the human species, *this* is an impossibility.

What's the use, then, of educating women? First we must determine how their education will be used.

The current discussion of women's education appears to center on several supposedly distinct approaches. We can, for instance, educate the career woman, or educate all women with the idea that some (but who knows which ones?) will stake out justifiable claims in man's world of science, business, or the professions. And this is a strategic function of higher education. Without it, colleges would be robbing society of the immense contributions of many highly qualified women. Since comparatively few actually do have professional careers, however, we cannot stop here. The colleges can't be just multi-million dollar siphons.

This leads us to a second possibility: the postponed career. This alternative assumes that many women will go into hibernation long enough to bear and raise children and will then return to their career in their "middle years." Some educators are so concerned with middle-year productivity that they would have women's education concentrate on this point. Lois Irish, for instance, concludes that "what is needed . . . is an extension of the student's sights beyond the early romantic stages of her life to the years when her principal occupation ceases to be a full-time job in the home."

The third possibility, the one most frequently ignored or ridiculed, is that of educating women who simply want to be intelligent and perceptive wives, mothers, and citizens.

The college graduate who becomes a housewife is said to suffer from confusion and frustration. According to Carolyn Heilbrun, she is "dropped from the heights of Olympus to the depths of the washing machine." This is nonsense. What man in any profession remains continually, if at all, on the heights of Olympus? College presidents, for example, spend a good part of their time pulling socks out of the stuck guts of academic washing machines. Life just requires these unromantic details.

Miss Heilbrun goes on to say that:

> . . . The modern woman, graduating from college at an age entirely suitable to the life pattern of a man seeking his place in the world, finds herself launched, not into the world, but into domesticity. She progresses through diapers to the companionship of other three-year-olds, without privacy, without time to recollect herself, without time *to be*. Ahead lie unplanned years for which she weaves nebulous schemes. She thinks that when her children are old enough she, like MacArthur, will "return." Too late she will discover that she is out of touch, out of training, and out of demand, and to be out of demand is to be excluded from that public realm where excellence is honored.

Miss Heilbrun seems to be suffering from that dreadful self-pity that afflicts a good many women who confuse equality with conformity.

This condescension toward the female-in-the-household is reflected in both the passionate feminist urge for conformity and the male attempt to keep the upper hand. In an unusual editorial confession, *The Saturday Evening Post* conceded that "masculine bravado" has permitted the male to picture the female as "the poor bedraggled little housewife, bogged down in her scullery, lulled by her soap operas while she ironed our shirts and tended our runny-nosed offspring."

We do a great disservice to American women by dismissing their role as wives and mothers as unfortunate dissipations of time and talent. The educated woman who becomes a wife and mother has an enormously important job to do. If done well, it cannot help but engage every aspect of her education. If we regard the housewife and mother as simple fools, we only penalize and even jeopardize our own future. It is the mother, almost singlehandedly, who will raise a generation of potential peace-makers.

Beyond these alternatives, what special responsibilities devolve upon educated women *because* they are women, regardless of how they use their talents?

The *Post* editorial again observes: "We have, in the American woman, one of the nation's great neglected resources. We have always admired her, pursued her, whistled at her — even enshrined her. Now we need to use her. Not just for the jobs men don't want to do. Not begrudgingly because we want to shut her up. Not slyly because we think she's cute. But thankfully—because she has brains, time, knowledge, courage, sensitivity, and dedication that are needed in our struggle for survival."

The educated woman, viewing life in perspective, is free to seek an answer to the old question: What, after all, is *man*? The educated woman can keep the male eye from trivia, and the male mind from preoccupation with immediate effects. The educated woman can encourage a man to rise above self, can make community service something more than a hollow status race, can insist on an intelligent approach to foreign aid, desegregation, taxes, and federal aid to the schools and colleges that educate her children. As James Reston observed recently in the *New York Times*: "Somebody has to find a new way to get around old men and old problems, and since women have been doing precisely that for several thousand years, why not pass the problem to them?"

To achieve these larger goals, the educated woman will have to fight the contagion of self-pity that periodically overcomes anyone not sufficiently recognized. And, above all, she must keep

For Further Information

Following are the references cited by Dr. Eddy:

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a perspective that allows her on occasion to have a good, hearty laugh at herself, the kind of laugh that the proud, self-righteous male usually denies himself.

Considering the nature of a woman, then, the prevailing structure of male education is not sufficient. The male version of higher learning is tied down by the short strings of utility. Vocational education is basically informational. It lacks the sensitive nuance. It is preoccupied with the immediate job.

The last true stronghold of the liberal arts may be the college that is free to concentrate on the education of women, and free from the utilitarian emphasis that distorts the liberal arts. Women are, of course, important in the labor market but they are not just one more unit of trained manpower, and their education should not be directed as if they were.

In decrying the utilitarian approach, Joseph Wood Krutch has observed that "what philosophers used to call 'the good life' is difficult to define and impossible to measure. In the United States today . . . we substitute for it 'the standard of living', which is easy to measure if defined only in terms of wealth, health, comfort, and conveniences."

Krutch thus points out that our concept of "the good life" has become strongly materialistic, and vocational education tends, by its very nature, to emphasize this materialism. Put the man or woman in the right job slot, and, inevitably, "the good life" will be his or hers.

The education of women, less constricted by utility, is more likely to awaken the student to a larger sense of value, to an idea of man and what makes him what he is. The result of liberal education can be a better person, a better life. The liberal arts—the reflection of man's heritage and hope—can thus be studied without the problem of post-college placement, which restricts the imagination and interest of both students and professors.

Unfortunately, too, coeducation today requires a sublimation of female leadership. The male is dominant on the majority of coeducational campuses. Diana Trilling declares that "No woman — no reasonably normal woman — wants to assert superiority over men, let alone dominate them. On the contrary, women want to be cherished and protected by men and dependent on men's superior strength. It is by this that they are made to feel most feminine."

Again, the pedestal. And again, the women's college is about the only place left where a woman can be knocked flat off that pedestal and not want to crawl back. The women's college allows women to be women—unashamed, uncluttered, humble, confident, and, above all, excellent in all respects. Such an education must also be thoroughly academic and completely demanding lest it be condescending.

The danger exists, of course, in Mervin Freedman's words, that the women's college will be left with "passive appreciation of what others, chiefly men, have done — with insufficient emphasis upon what the student herself may be able to do." The women's college, therefore, must put over-riding stress on the necessity for *action*, not pleasant, safe, harmless contemplation. The educated woman must develop for herself and transmit to her family a social conscience, and indeed, most major social reforms were originally championed by women. If we are wise, we will sustain this pattern.

We conclude that women's colleges have no reason whatever to be on the run or on the defensive — so long as they perform with distinction the basic task of preparing women as women for rich, useful lives. If women are to be educated as men, there is no cogent reason why they should not attend coeducational institutions. But if women are not only to learn about the sun but also to enjoy the radiance of the sunset, as one essayist has put it, then separate education in the liberal arts makes sense. As a rule, women want to be better, and men *better off*.

A GI Bill for Women?

BETTY FRIEDAN, a Smith College graduate, free-lance writer, and suburban housewife and mother, charges in her book The Feminine Mystique that American women are being hoodwinked by an elaborate "mystique" which seeks to persuade them that marriage and a career are incompatible and that domesticity offers them the best chance for fulfilment. She argues that it is not as difficult as the "mystique" implies to combine marriage and creative work, and offers her own solution to the problem. Following are excerpts from her book:

"If I am right, the problem that has no name stirring in the minds of so many American women today is not a matter of loss of femininity or too much education, or the demands of domesticity. . . . We can no longer ignore that voice within women that says: 'I want something more than my husband and my children and my home.'"

"The only way for a woman, as for a man, to find herself, to know herself as a person, is by creative work of her own. There is no other way. But a job, any job, is not the answer—in fact, it can be part of the trap. Women who do not look for jobs equal to their actual capacity, who do not let themselves develop the life-time interests and goals which require serious education and training, who take a job at twenty or forty to 'help out at home' or just to kill extra time, are walking, almost as surely as the ones who stay inside the housewife trap, to a nonexistent future."

"Drastic steps must now be taken to re-educate the women who were deluded or cheated by the feminine mystique. Many of the women I interviewed who felt 'trapped' as housewives have in the last few years started to move out of the trap. But there are as many others who are sinking back again, because they did not find out in time what they wanted to do, or because they were not able to find a way to do it. In almost every case, it took too much time, too much money, using existing educational facilities."

"What is needed now is a national educational program, similar to the GI bill, for women who seriously want to continue or resume their education—and who are willing to commit themselves to its use in a profession. The bill would provide properly qualified women with tuition fees, plus an additional subsidy to defray other expenses—books, travel, even, if necessary, some household help. Such a measure would cost far less than the GI bill. It would permit mothers to use existing educational facilities on a part-time basis and carry on individual study and research projects at home during the years when regular classroom attendance is impossible. The whole concept of women's education would be regeared from four-year college to a life plan under which a woman could continue her education, without conflict with her marriage, her husband and her children."—*The Feminine Mystique* (Norton, N. Y., 1963).

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Change and Challenge For the Educated Woman

—*Bettmann Archive.*

Christabel Pankhurst: "Pray to God and *She* will help you."

By PAULINE TOMPKINS, *General Director of the American Association of University Women. This article is based on an address delivered at the University of Massachusetts in March.*

IT has been remarked that if all commencement speakers were laid end to end it would be a good thing. Perhaps the same is true of speakers and writers on the education of women. Seldom have so many said so much on a single subject. And just as armchair strategists in the arena of international politics and domestic issues thrive in an environment of rapid change and complexity, casting their pat clichés on troubled waters, so, too, do the amateur experts on women, their education, and their role in society.

Not only do the amateurs quarrel among themselves; the professional educators, cultural anthropologists, sociologists, psychologists, psychiatrists, and any other professionals you wish to include are far from being of one mind. Because there is too little scientific certainty on which to base agreement, there is room for different theories. In addition, because woman's role so intimately affects the nature of a society, the issue is charged with emotion and perhaps to an unusual degree the literature reflects the commitments of its authors.

Within the last two years there has been a steady outpouring of books and articles on women and their role. Morton Hunt wrote *Her Infinite Variety: The American Woman as Lover, Mate and Rival;* Betty Friedan wrote *The Feminine Mystique. Esquire, The Saturday Evening Post, McCall's, Redbook, Harper's, The New York Times Magazine Section* are suggestive of the popular periodicals which have addressed themselves to the subject. In 1961 President Kennedy appointed a Commission on the Status of Women. On college and university campuses throughout the country students, faculty, and administrators are busy talking, thinking, holding symposia about the education of women, and implementing programs to this end. And only a few weeks ago the senior Senator from Illinois rose from a sick bed to televise his ecomium to American womanhood, awarding solid A's to everything about them except their minds, which weren't mentioned.

I think the point that needs stressing is that out of all these endeavors a consensus may emerge, but it does not exist now except in broad generalized statements, i.e., in a democratic society educational and professional opportunities should be available to women; the stages of a woman's life are different from those of a man's; a college education should equip women for the varied roles they will play, etc. It is the implications of this kind of generalization, and its practical application, which reveal the divergencies. What is "an educated woman," for example? What kinds of professional opportunities should she seek? What are the acceptable roles for her? And, on the basis of this definition, what kind of education is called for? The philosophy of a particular university in regard to

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the role of educated women is not universally shared by the students, their parents, members of the faculty, future employers, or even by other universities. And institutions may educate women to take their place in a society that is unwilling to accept them on the terms they offer. This can be a bitterly disillusioning experience unless the women concerned are forewarned of its possibility.

It seems to me that a meaningful discussion of education as preparation for life and of the roles women will assume must take cognizance of these underlying discords, and must simultaneously recognize the dramatic dichotomy between those who assert with medieval vigor that woman's role should be limited to that of homemaker, and those who argue for various combinations of roles, including career and housewife.

Sigmund Freud was credited with saying "Anatomy is destiny." Centuries before Freud this was part of the established folklore in many cultures. Yet for decades women in America successfully challenged this prototype of the passive, physically and intellectually inferior female. In pioneer America the home was central to the economy so that woman's role was integral to the building of a new nation. With the advent of industrialization, the growth of cities, and the establishment of professions outside the home, women began to play a less conspicuous part. This was protested as early as 1853 by at least one male, the Reverend Theodore Parker of Boston, who declared: "To make one-half the human race consume its energies in the functions of housekeeper, wife and mother is a monstrous waste of the most precious material God ever made."

The feminist movement took up the cause with New Frontier vigor as it agitated for women's educational, legal, political, and economic rights. One of the most delectable morsels in the larder of the struggle for women's suffrage is the exhortation of suffragette Christabel Pankhurst to a weaker sister when both were in jail for the cause: "My dear," Mrs. Pankhurst cried to her weeping cell-mate, "You must pray to God and *She* will help you."

The emancipation of women reached perhaps the zenith of its social acceptance in the years before and during World War II, and the either/or option of marriage vs. career was in a fair way to being solved by the discovery that the two were not incompatible. The marriage age was in the mid-to upper-twenties; young women accepted and anticipated college as an intellectual experience and preparation, and that the years of independence following graduation and prior to marriage comprised a time to try one's wings, to realize one's identity.

It would be a mistake to exaggerate either the status women attained in this period or the degree of consensus about the value of education and a career. But the existence of a favorable climate was attested by the patterns of women's lives and by such barometers as women's magazines and advertising media.

Then, rather suddenly, the cycle reversed. In 1947 Lundberg and Farnham's book, *Modern Woman, The Lost Sex,* warned that "contemporary women in very large numbers are psychologically disordered and that their disorder is having terrible social and personal effects involving men in all departments of their lives as well as women." A root cause of the disorder, they said, stemmed from careers and higher education that were leading to the "masculinization of women."

By the end of 1949 heroines in women's magazine fiction were homemakers. The few who still clung to careers were discovering that their true fulfillment lay in renouncing their jobs and becoming housewives. A decade later the image of the woman in American mass media was predominantly that of the perennially young (only her hairdresser knows for sure), home-centered, fluffily feminine, unintellectual wife-and-mother whose horizons were bounded by keeping the house clean, the kiddies clean, their own bodies beautiful, and their men satisfied. In *The Feminine Mystique* Betty Friedan describes a meeting of magazine writers, predominantly male, one of whom outlined the needs of the women's magazine he edited: "Our readers are housewives, full time. They're not interested in the broad public issues of the day. . . . They are only interested in the family and the home. They aren't interested in politics unless it's related to an immediate need in the home, like the price of coffee. Humor? Has to be gentle, they don't get satire. . . . Education? That's a problem. Their own level is going up. . . . They're tremendously interested in education for their children – fourth grade arithmetic. . . ."

Writing for *Good Housekeeping,* Harry and Bonaro Overstreet had this to say: "The woman's role is the nurturing role. . . . What she lets people persuade her or browbeat her into taking on outside the home should be rigorously put to this test: Is it part of housekeeping, neighboring, nurturing?"

And Dr. Marie N. Robinson, another neo-traditionalist, has noted that "If woman is to find true happiness . . . she must return to her real and joyful self. She must relearn that surrender to her biological destiny is . . . a wonderful privileged condition."

This backward swing of the pendulum is related in part to economic pressures generated by the Depression, in part to the social pressures accompanying the war and immediate post-war years. It has undoubtedly been exploited by the opinion manipulators whose business it is to sell the products of industries whose market is the full-time homemaker: the manufacturers of home appliances, cosmetics, food products, household supplies. On a less

(*Continued on page* 82)

Women in Our Society

A Statistical Profile

- in the U.S. Senate 2%–2 out of 100.
- in the House of Representatives 2.5%–11 out of 435.
- among U.S. ambassadors 2%–2 out of 101.
- among presidents of four-year colleges and universities 11%–155 out of 1,447. (Note: All but 15 are heads of Catholic women's colleges.)
- among elementary school teachers 85%–770,328 out of 901,819.
- among secondary school teachers 47%–284,429 out of 607,462.
- among federal judges .007%–3 out of 422.
- among lawyers 2.6%–6,488 out of 285,933.
- among physicians 6%–15,968 out of 261,176.
- among students granted degrees in 1960-61:
  bachelor's and first professional 36%–145,514 out of 401,113.
  master's 31%–24,481 out of 78,940.
  doctor's 11%–1,112 out of 10,575.

(Women represent 51% of the U.S. population–92,907,000 out of 183,642,000).

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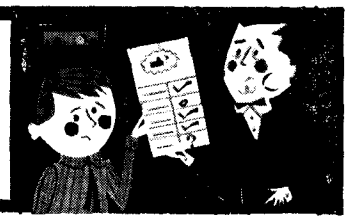
Report Card



IVY. A high school senior whose uncle doesn't even own a yachting cap got a sinking feeling when he came to this item on the application for admission to Columbia College: "List and describe your activities, excluding jobs, during the past three summers (e.g., studying modern European history in summer school, sailing on uncle's boat, traveling through Rockies and southwestern U.S.)."

". . . BETHUMP'D WITH WORDS." Barry Commoner, professor of plant physiology at Washington University in St. Louis, warned the National Science Teachers Association recently that science is getting out of hand. By way of illustration he noted that there are about 100,000 scientific journals published today, that the number is doubling every fifteen years, and that even abstracts are now too numerous to read.

FASHION NOTE. In Peterborough, England, the fifty-three-year-old spinster headmistress of a girls' school has warned parents that their daughters (aged eleven to nineteen) can no longer wear black underpants to school. "Black underwear is Victorian," she sniffed, "and dates back to the days when people didn't wash."

PERILS OF ELSIE. Miss Nan Carpenter, professor of English at Montana State University, has sent us this excerpt from an essay turned in by one of her students:

> On our farm every winter, there is a certain time when our cows begin to give birth to their young. They usually start having them on March 2, which happens to be my birthday, but this year it was different. During the month of February there were five calves born. It seems they just couldn't wait for my birthday. But all five of them were born with no trouble and they all are strong and healthy-looking calves.
>
> In this process of giving birth to a small baby calf, some cows have trouble and some don't. For the few that do have trouble, there are a few reasons why. In the first place, when a cow gets heavy with calf, she may be a small cow to begin with and therefore she will have trouble giving birth to the calf. Consequently, my dad will have to get her in the barn and we will help her along by putting two small chains to the calf's two front feet as it is being born. With us pulling on the two chains and if the cow co-operates, it will be a successful birth. Another predicament that usually happens every year is when a cow, in giving birth to a calf, will momentarily stop, and take a five or ten minute break. If the calf is about half way out, it will more or less suffocate, due to the great pressure around the calf's body. This is why a rancher or farmer must keep a constant watch on his cows during the calving season.

HOW TO GET READY TO COMMENCE. This is the time of year when Commencement speakers are beginning to tune up for June, and Roy P. Fairfield, associate professor of government at Ohio University, has thoughtfully come forward with this helpful outline for a stirring Commencement address:

A. Response to Master of Ceremonies (. . . or, Why I'm Glad to be Here)
B. Preface to Introduction to Introduction
C. Introduction to Introduction
D. Introduction
E. First Platitude
F. Second Platitude (. . . with mounting emotion)
G. Cluster of Clichés
H. Tritest Truisms
I. Closing Platitude (. . . with oratorical verve)
J. Conclusion
K. Conclusion to Conclusion

"WITH THE SAME SPIRIT THAT ITS AUTHOR WRIT." A friend of ours, who was invited to comment on a paper at a recent education meeting, received this injunction from the moderator: "Please feel free to discuss and elaborate on (the) paper in any manner you see fit; however, I would suggest that you avoid criticism."

MEMO TO HISTORIANS. Hamilton E. Holmes of Atlanta, who was admitted to the University of Georgia in 1961 after racial barriers were lowered by the federal courts, has become the University's first Negro member of Phi Beta Kappa.

FOR THE DEMOCRATIC NATIONAL COMMITTEE? The Health Center at the University of Pittsburgh recently received this inquiry from a student at Proviso East High School in Maywood, Illinois:

> I am writing to obtain all the information you can possibly send me about malnutrition, starvation, disease, high mortality, unemployment, apathy, illiteracy, ignorance, fear, slums and impoverishment in clothing, warmth and protection in your state. Any information will be greatly appreciated, for I am doing research about the poverty in Pennsylvania.

COFFEE BREAKS ARE FOR COFFEE. Alejandro Roces, education secretary of the Philippines, has ordered school teachers in the islands to stop playing mah jong during working hours, because the ancient Chinese game is too time-consuming.

SIGN OF THE TIMES. Mrs. John T. Kraus of Atlanta informs us that in front of the Garden Hills Elementary School in Atlanta there is a sign saying: PARKING FOR KINDERGARTEN ONLY.

NO COMMENT. The following news story appeared in Greenwich (Connecticut) *Time*:

> HARTFORD, April 2 (AP)—Commercial driving schools are "downgrading and undermining" high school driver education, says the director of the State Safety Commission, Capt. William Gruber. Gruber said yesterday the law requiring those under 18 to have formal driver training before getting a license amounts to a "subsidy" for commercial schools. He said the "ideal situation" would be to have compulsory driver education for all eligible students at public high schools.

FOOTNOTE. We have been informed that Attorney General Robert F. Kennedy has finally returned the alumni questionnaire (REPORT CARD, March 23), "but it was entirely factual, listing only his jobs." —JOHN SCANLON

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False Economies in Schoolhouse Construction

This year, communities throughout the nation will spend an estimated three billion dollars on new schools. In many of these communities there will be heated debate over costs, and much of the debate will be irrelevant. In order to help clarify the real issues in schoolhouse construction, SR's Education editors asked William W. Caudill, a widely-known school architect, for his views on what to look for in a school building. The author is a partner in the firm of Caudill, Rowlett and Scott, and chairman, department of architecture, Rice University.

By WILLIAM W. CAUDILL

WHEN I was a boy in Oklahoma, I picked a little cotton—very little, as I recall, only thirteen pounds a day; that included the big rock I threw into the sack just before it was weighed. Because of this experience, I have great admiration for the cotton-picking machine that moves six miles an hour along two rows simultaneously and picks thousands of pounds of seed cotton in the same time I picked thirteen. The cotton-picking machine is a marvelous piece of machinery, but it is not worth a hoot for threshing wheat.

A school house is also a machine, a teaching machine—the largest and most expensive. Like the cotton-picking machine, it has a specific job to do—to help the teacher teach. If it is a good schoolhouse, it will do its job. At least, it won't get in the way of teaching, as do so many schoolhouses, even some of the new ones. A really good schoolhouse says in no uncertain terms: "I have a job to do. I do it well. I stimulate learning, not deter it. I facilitate effective, efficient education. I am more than a dead, structural casing. I am dynamic. I work for the students and their educating process. I provide a pleasant, inspiring environment for study. I am a machine for learning."

Take the case of a school in Connecticut. Our firm was commissioned to investigate the cost of *converting* (I use the word advisedly) this old high school building to facilitate a new program. The old ark didn't have a crack in it. No problem there. The only trouble was that this piece of machinery was designed to do one job; now, it was to be converted to do another. It's quite a task to convert a cotton-picking machine into a wheat-thresher. Our job was no easier. A school plant designed to embrace a highly departmentalized program is not readily adapted to a "school within a school" program, on which programmed learning, team teaching, and individualized curricula are superimposed. But this is what they expected of the old building.

We found that converting this old machine to do a new job would be very costly. If we had gutted the building, had brought the heating and lighting systems up-to-date, and had completely rearranged inside spaces for the new program, we could have built a new school for a third more. Study the anatomy of a schoolhouse, and you will find that the casing, or shell, runs only about one-third of the total cost of the building. The educational "insides" (educational machinery, if you please) are the costly items. Had the Connecticut school people known thirty years ago what they know today, they could have saved the taxpayers millions of dollars.

There is a school in the Northwest that was completely changed after only ten years of use. This was necessary to accommodate a change in the educational program. The gymnasium was sliced horizontally to make room for a cafeteria on the upper level and a mechanical drawing room below. The auditorium had to be subdivided horizontally and vertically for classrooms. Old classrooms had to be converted into offices, science rooms into a library, classrooms into science rooms, etc.

Unfortunately for the school patrons who paid the bill, the school wasn't designed for this kind of flexibility. Such interior shuffling costs plenty. It was estimated that nearly a million dollars could have been saved if a few thousand dollars more had been spent in the beginning to allow for future economical interior changes.

If we want quality education, we need all the help we can get from the schoolhouse machine. We know now that a good schoolhouse can help the teacher teach, and the only time we get our money's worth is when it performs this job. It is false economy to design a schoolhouse as if it were a storehouse for kids. If it is a good schoolhouse, it is dynamic and serves the children and their learning processes. A car has to have working insides. So does a school. Regardless of the cost

—*Dale Sedgwick.*

New High School in Carlsbad, New Mexico, with large plastic umbrella protecting central circulation space.

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of its cover, you will be cheated if the school's insides don't work.

"Cheapness is goodness." This is a false premise, but it is used all too frequently to sell school buildings to the public. Such strange sales psychology! Steaks are sold by selling the sizzle. Clothes are sold by selling that "million dollar look." Cigarettes are sold as essential to social grace and prestige. Beer is sold as necessary to the good life. These sales are easy.

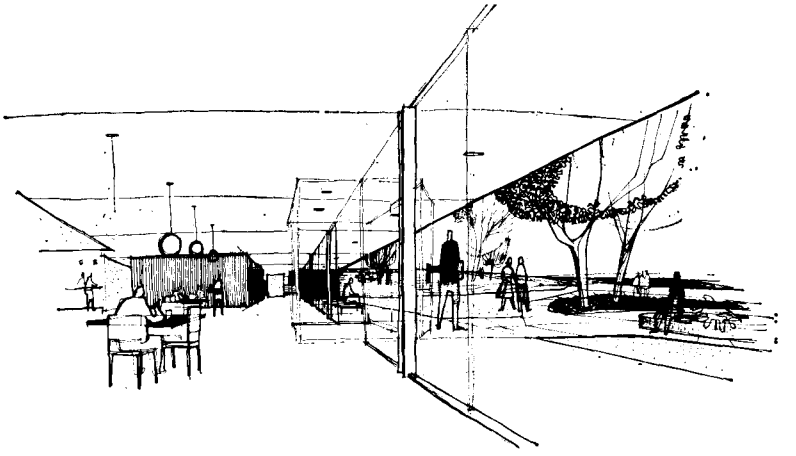
How do we sell schoolhouses in this country? By selling them cheap! By emphasizing that cheapness is good enough for Johnny. School boards promote bond issues on the basis of lower-square-foot costs, not higher-educational performance. And the selling is hard.

I suppose every one involved in the planning of a schoolhouse has at one time or another been duped into comparing one school to another on the basis of incomparable square-foot costs. In Texas the situation became so competitive that in order to make their schools appear relatively "cheap" in the public press, architects, educators, and school board members went to great lengths to pare square-foot costs to ridiculously low figures. The customary way of calculating square-foot cost was simply to divide the cost of the building by the area of heated space. In order to produce a low square-foot-unit cost, the people with the "square-foot-itis" included everything from window overhangs to steam tunnels. The American Institute of Architects declared such procedure "not cricket" and helped put a stop to this numbers game. Yet, the square-foot yardstick is still used in many places with no comparative validity.

Well-meaning school board members, superintendents, and architects still brag about their low square-foot costs as they do their golf scores. If it is low, it is good. "I got my school for $12.59 a square foot," boasted a superintendent recently. I had the opportunity of asking him how much that $12.59 bought. He had a very hard time telling me. It was no bargain, I can assure you. To say that one school is better than another solely from measuring with a square-foot yardstick, is a poor way to make an evaluation. Again, it is the *inside* that counts.

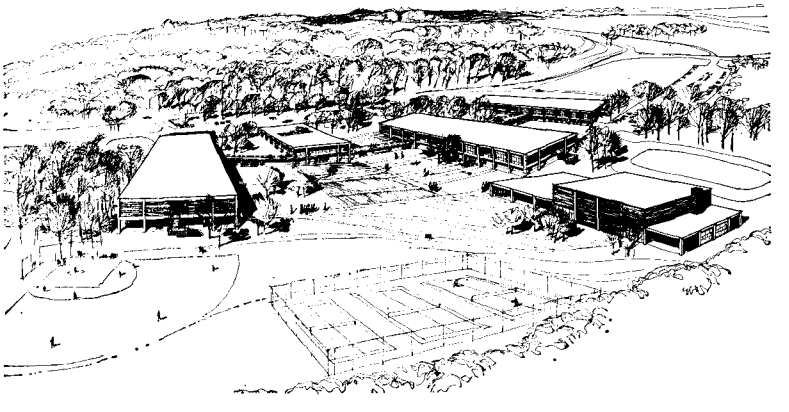
The square-foot measurement lacks several necessary facts to make such a comparison defensible. The time element, for example, is given no consideration. Just a few months can vary the construction bids as much as 5 or 6 per cent, and this is reflected in the square-foot cost.

The geographical location of a school also has a great effect on its square-foot cost. Material costs differ in each



Sketch of Rich Township High School, Illinois.

Sketch for proposed high school for Irvington, N.Y.



Sketch for Patrick Henry High School, Roanoke, Virginia.

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locality. In a rather remote spot in Colorado where we built a college, we discovered that native stone cost approximately the same as poured concrete. Elsewhere, stone in-place would cost five times as much as poured concrete. We also know that a carpenter in Laredo, Texas, gets 30 to 40 per cent less wages than a carpenter living in Rockland County, New York.

Low square-foot-cost figures can arouse suspicions for other reasons. I recently compared two schools. One cost 50 cents per square foot more than the other. The one with the lower-unit cost was chock-full of non-educational spaces, such as halls. The other school was a carefully planned, efficient plant, a real teaching machine, if you please, where every square foot was put to work for education, and it cost less, despite the higher square-foot cost.

During the early stages of the state-supported school-building program in California, architects, educators, and school boards learned how to get as much money from the state as possible. They became loophole experts. Their main technique for draining the maximum amount from the state treasury was to put excessive hall space into the schools to increase their square-foot allotment. The state was, therefore, actually penalizing efficiency through such a method of allocation.

As a practicing architect, I have often been requested by school board members and administrators to "make our school look cheap." This doesn't apply to churches, stores, or office buildings. A church client would say "We have $400,000 to spend on our church; make it look like a million dollars." Only school clients want something that looks cheap.

AFTER this admonition by a school client: "We don't care whether it is cheaper or it lasts longer, don't use marble any place," one of my partners wrote a tongue-in-cheek office memo urging that we try to combat the "Expensive Look" of our recent schools by designing a new panel wall with the beauty of crate plywood and the utility of marble.

It really doesn't take a lot of imagination to whittle a few cents from the construction budget. For example, you can specify Grade B asphalt tile instead of Grade D, or you can use a ten-year roof instead of a twenty-year bonded roof. You can even scrape costs from the hardware list by specifying tubular locks instead of mortise locks. Or, if you really want to cut first costs, put a one-coat-will-do-it paint job on your school, instead of the full treatment of primer, undercoat, and finished coat. Any one can cut costs this way, but the job usually ends in a sorry state of affairs. And who is cheated? Both Johnny and his Dad.

We seem to take pride today in everything except our school buildings. We want our schools to look like the essence of frugality rather than symbols of civic pride. These are disturbing times when cheapness and ugliness are equated with goodness. Such strange psychology concerning the purposes of schoolhouses could only evolve in a period in which people are completely confused and values are distorted. How can we revise these distorted values? It's simple: *Sell educational performance.*

THOSE of us who have built hundreds of schools are quite bored listening to the tiresome drum-beating for lower-cost schools. Why do they cost so much money? Why do we have to build palaces? Why can't we build economical schools? We can. And we are building economical schools. Prominent school architects, in collaboration with outstanding educators, have been doing it for a long time. We are getting more for our money these days, by using mass-produced, repetitive, structural units; by minimizing non-educational hall space; by lowering ceilings and reducing the volume as much as 30 per cent; by planning highly compact buildings and cutting the lengths of expensive exterior walls as much as 12 per cent; by building multi-purpose, but compatible teaching spaces. Schools *do* cost a lot of money, and we should continue our efforts to trim the construction budget, but we have not been asleep.

Statistics reveal that school buildings constructed during the last twenty-five years cost less than any other type of building. Federal government figures since 1934 show that nationwide costs of all types of construction have gone up 198 per cent, while costs of building schools have risen 150 per cent. "The cheaper the better" people should be very happy. But they are not. Many times I have heard this expression from school board members: "All we can afford is to put a roof over their heads." They want to crate the kids, not provide for them a high-performance teaching tool.

In opposition to the "cheaper-the-better" point of view, I question: are taxpayers cheated because their schools do not *cost enough*? Several months ago, I served on a jury that awarded $50,000 in prizes to participants in the National School Fallout Shelter Competition, jointly sponsored by the Department of Defense and the American Institute of Architects. The purpose of the competition was to stimulate interest in fallout protection and to see if creative architects could design a good school that would also serve as a good shelter.

The prize-winning design proved th an efficient, pleasant school, designed to help boys and girls grow and develop to their maximum capacities, could also serve as an effective shelter. Most certainly the winning design was not a hole in which to hide. Like many cost-conscious architects, I studied the prize-winning design to see how much more it would cost to make this elementary school serve as a shelter. It is my guess that, depending upon the site, the increase in cost would range from 5 to 10 per cent. Assume that my estimate is in the ball park; then, take my judgment that this building is, first, a good school, and second, a shelter. It is good for the kids and their learning processes, but it also provides a substantial degree of fallout protection for 300 children, as well as 600 adults.

If you can build a community shelter for 5 to 10 per cent more money than the cost of a good school, is it not a bargain? Or, to put it another way, if you save the 5 to 10 per cent and relinquished the shelter, wouldn't the taxpayers be cheated?

SELLING a cooling system provides another pitfall for the false economy theorists. Some of my good friend who have air-conditioning interests and even some within my own profession say that "windowless, air-conditioned schools cost less money than customary schools without air-conditioning" and they have figures to prove it. The trouble is, the customary school on which they base their comparison is generally an old fashioned, finger-plan school that has an excessive number of exterior walls. We have learned a lot since the finger-plan days. In fact, I did research many years ago that resulted in new techniques for natural ventilation of low perimeter, compact schools. Many firms have abandoned the finger-plans. Techniques developed in a low-velocity wind tunnel now allow air movements within deep interior spaces to exceed the speed of the wind itself. It is possible even to reverse the breeze within these spaces. So, if you compare a windowless, air-conditioned school with an up-to-date, naturally ventilated, compact school, instead of the finger-plan school, the air-conditioned school will cost more.

To double talk on this subject, however, I pose the question: why don't we air-condition all schools? How many office workers work in a non-air-conditioned environment? Not many. It has been proven that during hot months better performance results from cool

(Continued on page 84)

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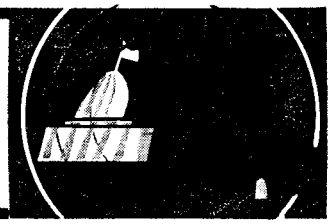
While School Keeps



CITIZEN ACTION for the schools is receiving new impetus and direction at the national level from the recently established National Committee for Support of the Public Schools (1424 Sixteenth St., N.W., Washington 6, D.C.). Not since the National Citizens Commission for the Public Schools and its successor, the National Citizens Council for Better Schools, ceased operation in 1959, has the citizen-school movement had leadership of truly national stature.

The new National Committee bases its program in part on the experience of its predecessors, although its objectives are far more sharply focused. Its chairman, Mrs. Eugene Meyer, widely known author, lecturer, and widow of the late publisher of the Washington *Post*, is a former member of the Board of Trustees of the National Citizens Commission. It counts among its members a number of individuals associated with the earlier organizations—including novelist John Hersey, a former chairman of the National Citizens Council. But the committee is also notable for the number of fresh faces, many of them nationally prominent, that it has brought into the movement.

Where the earlier organizations sought to "arouse broad citizen interest and action" for the schools, the new committee is specifically dedicated to a single aim: to stimulate more adequate financial support for public education. It is not simply a lobby for federal aid—or for any other kind; no specific legislation will receive its blessing. Support for the schools, it maintains, must come from every level, national, state, and local. And it believes that "the American people, fully informed, can and will achieve through their elected representatives the financial structure needed for first-rate education in every public school in the country." The committee therefore proposes to provide a clearinghouse of information on school needs and school finance. It will work through other organizations already operating at the grass roots level—state and local citizens committees, PTAs, the League of Women Voters—and encourage the development of new groups when necessary. The nature of the organization is clear from the "basic convictions" on which its program is built:

► "The welfare of the American people and the survival of our free nation depend as never before upon the development of our human resources through public education."

► "School facilities and programs in many areas do not meet the needs and opportunities of our times."

► "The people of the United States have ample resources to support the world's finest system of public schools."

► "More fully informed of the facts, the American people will provide the funds needed for quality schools throughout the nation."

In its first year of operation the committee has taken several major steps toward gaining a national audience for its program. It now has more than 500 members representing all fifty states and the District of Columbia. Earlier this spring it published the first of a series of promised studies on the schools and their financing, *Changing Demands on Education and Their Fiscal Implications*, by John K. Norton. And last month, at its First National Conference, the committee put on as impressive a display of blue ribbon talent from industry, government, communications, and education—all dedicated to the welfare of the schools—as the nation's Capital has seen in many years.

Built around the theme "The Community Faces the Crisis of the Public Schools," the three-day conference explored a number of relevant issues while remaining sharply focused on its central concern. Among the issues explored were: the state of education in the nation's cities, in its suburbs, in rural areas, and among underprivileged children; the schools as sources of national manpower, and education as an investment rather than an expense; the action of individual states to provide better schools; the level at which education must be supported, and how support can best be achieved.

More money alone will not guarantee that the nation's schools will be equal to the demands of the years ahead. But it is certain that without a far greater investment than we have made in the past, they will fall seriously short of our national needs. The National Committee is off to a good start. If it avoids the oversimplifications that have sometimes led educators astray in the past, in their eagerness to justify larger appropriations, the intelligence and vitality it has displayed to date indicate that it will prove an effective force for better schools.

INTERSCHOLASTIC ATHLETIC COMPETITION for junior high school boys has grown rapidly in popularity since the war. Today more than 85 per cent of the nation's junior high schools have such programs, and they are overwhelmingly approved by the schools' principals. Criticism, too, has been increasing as excessive emphasis on competition has followed in the wake of organized programs. A number of professional education groups have issued statements denouncing interscholastic competition at the junior high level and James B. Conant, in his study of the junior high schools, stated flatly that: "Interscholastic athletics and marching bands are to be condemned in junior high schools. . . ."

In an effort to offer some perspective on the controversy, and to provide guidelines for parents, teachers, and administrators, the American Association for Health, Physical Education and Recreation (1201 Sixteenth St., N. W., Washington 6, D.C.) has just published *Standards for Junior High School Athletics*. It includes quotations from previous reports, a summary of the arguments pro and con, and recommended standards for interscholastic programs. The AAHPER has accepted interscholastic competition at the junior high level as a fact of life and seeks to hedge it about with enough safeguards to limit its potential destructiveness. That such a qualified approach should be necessary seems shocking, but the facts indicate that it is realistic. The *Standards* should prove helpful to both parents and administrators who are concerned with the problem.

AMERICAN COLLEGES AND UNIVERSITIES are deeply involved in international affairs. Foreign students in growing numbers are studying on U.S. campuses, while every year more American students go abroad for study. Colleges and universities are establishing campuses in other countries and working out cooperative arrangements with foreign institutions for the exchange of faculty and students. And many higher institutions are deeply committed to helping underdeveloped nations through educational and technical assistance programs. In large part each college or university has developed its own program without benefiting from the experience of its sister institutions. Many programs have been excellent, most could be more effective, a few have been almost disastrous.

In an effort to bring some order out of the impending chaos as foreign programs multiply, a new organization,

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Education and World Affairs, has been established "to promote cooperation and communication among educational institutions and agencies." Herman B. Wells, chancellor of Indiana University, is chairman of the board, William W. Marvel has been elected president, and the board of trustees lists leaders from many areas of American life. Previous attempts to coordinate the multifarious foreign activities of the nation's colleges and universities have proved phenomenally unsuccessful. We may hope that the new organization has better luck in helping them to realize the enormous potential their activities have for America and her sister nations abroad.

THE TEACHER has traditionally lived in a community fish bowl where her personal life was severely limited by regulations, and every departure from accepted action was ammunition for the town gossips. As one report on the problems of teaching a generation ago put it, the school system "refused to contract with teachers who bobbed their hair, painted their lips, or rouged their cheeks, to say nothing of smoking cigarettes." To find out whether contemporary teachers are still harassed by official regulations and unofficial busybodies, the Research Division of the National Education Association polled a sample of the profession. Almost half of them replied that they were "not restricted in any way." Most of the rest admitted that their actions were restricted, "but not seriously." Only 3 per cent cited any serious limitations on their personal behavior.

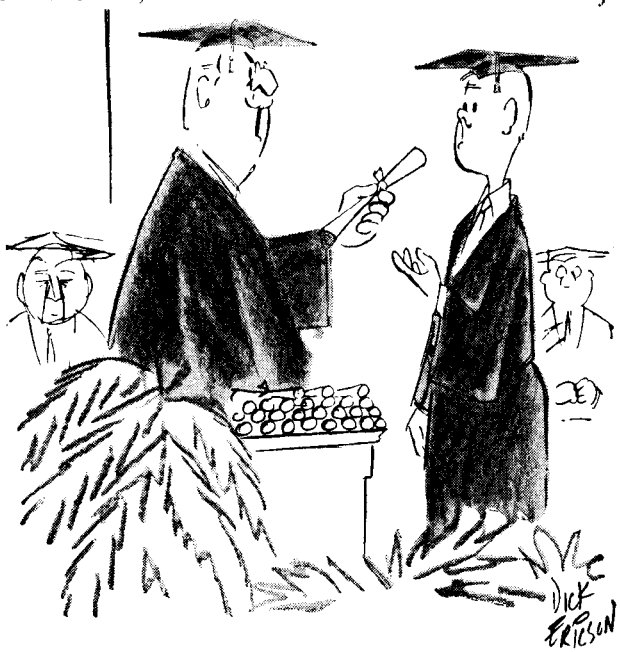
PRESTIGE still eludes teachers, in large degree, despite the disappearance of onerous restrictions on their personal lives. In a companion poll, the National Education Association asked teachers for their opinion on the level of prestige the profession enjoys in their home communities. Only 23 per cent believed it to be "high," but 65 per cent felt it was "medium," and just 8 per cent characterized it as "low" (4% couldn't make up their minds). Not surprisingly, elementary teachers rated professional prestige higher than secondary teachers, and women placed it higher than men—85 per cent of all elementary teachers are women, while more than half the secondary teachers are men.

More interesting are the replies to a question about whether the manner in which teachers perform their professional duties merits the degree of prestige indicated in answer to the first question. These replies show that 46 per cent of the teachers believed that members of the profession were accorded the community esteem they deserved; 43 per cent felt they deserved more, and only 2 per cent rated them as deserving less.

HIGHER EDUCATION is just entering the period of critical stress and radical change that has been rocking the elementary and secondary schools in recent years. Private colleges particularly are likely to find the years immediately ahead traumatic. Recognizing the nature and dimensions of the approaching storm, Sidney G. Tickton, program associate of the Fund for the Advancement of Education, has been calling on the colleges to "plan ahead" for financial stability and educational effectiveness. In a series of do-it-yourself pamphlets he has charted a course for college administrators between the Scylla of rising enrollments and the Charybdis of insolvency. First in the series was "Needed: A Ten Year College Budget," which more than 300 colleges have used with benefit. Second was "The Year Round Campus Catches On," which described the efforts of institutions to organize the school year for more efficient use of facilities, personnel, and student time. Most recent in the series is "Letter to a College President," which assembles already familiar information about future population changes, employment opportunities, enrollments, and the economics of higher education. But Tickton goes a long step beyond the conventional knowledge of these factors when he takes them out of the realm of generalization and pins them down in hard statistical projections, before analyzing their implications for the average private college. Copies are available without charge from the Fund for the Advancement of Education, 477 Madison Avenue, New York 22, New York.

TECHNOLOGY IN THE CLASSROO has come a cropper most often beca teachers haven't mastered the simple mechanics of teaching machines, language labs, ETV, or even movie projectors and tape recorders—to say nothing of knowing how to make most effective use of them educationally. Even new teachers, just out of college, have seldom been introduced to the "new" media and their use in the classroom. It is not surprising that this should be so, because many groups in the profession—particularly those concerned with teacher education—have displayed a vast lack of enthusiasm for innovation in classroom organization and teaching techniques. They have, to be sure, cooperated on occasion, but usually they have done so fearfully and reluctantly. The development of new aids and new methods has come largely from the vision, creativeness, and energy of men outside the schools, with a relatively small number of schoolmen providing bold leadership within the profession. But now the influential American Association of Colleges for Teacher Education has initiated a study, financed by a grant from the U.S. Office of Education, to determine how colleges and universities can best use new technological developments to teach future teachers, and how classroom teachers can themselves make best use of technology in their classrooms. It is possible that at this date the profession itself is ready to take leadership in a field where its knowledge, encouragement, and competence to evaluate the effectiveness of new departures have been sorely missed in the past.

—JAMES CASS.



"Here . . . now beat it!"

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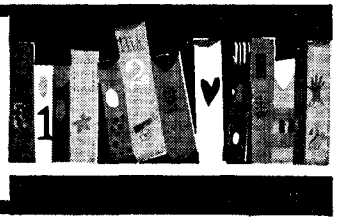
the Editor's Bookshelf



CRITICISM OF teacher education is a popular sport, but those who engage in it do not agree on the solutions. Some want to eliminate all professional preparation for teachers; others want to improve it. Educators who have taken to the defensive often confuse the two groups and berate their near allies as enthusiastically as they do their true enemies.

The first group of critics would do away with all schools and departments of education and all professional courses for teachers and require only an A.B. degree for teaching in the public schools. This group includes many academic professors and some private school instructors who teach students selected for their motivation and academic talents, but it does not include many people who have taught younger children in the public schools. Neither does it include the employers of teachers, and for that reason this group of critics is less influential than ›cal.

The second group believes that professional preparation is necessary but is convinced that the present programs of teacher education are both inflated and woefully inadequate. They are eager to improve the programs by setting higher standards for admission and retention, requiring more liberal education and stronger academic majors, reorganizing and improving the sequence of professional courses, attracting more able people into the faculties of education, and eliminating the anti-intellectual bias that pervades much of professional education.

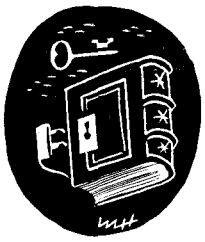
Such changes have been made in many colleges, but in others they still meet powerful opposition. To overcome it we need sharply critical examinations of the present programs for teacher education, the philosophies underlying them, and the competence of those engaged in them.

The most recent of such examinations is reported in James Koerner's *The Miseducation of Teachers* (Houghton Mifflin, 360 pp., $4.95). Which of the two groups of critics Koerner wishes to join is not entirely clear. Because he has been a free-swinging ›critic of schools and teachers and is now president of the Council for Basic Education—an organization not greatly loved by most professional educators—his opponents will assign him to the first group. But Koerner now concedes, somewhat reluctantly, the need for *some* professional education for teachers. Furthermore, he has made a thorough and extended study of the problems, an activity not characteristic of the first group. There can be no doubt about his earnest desire to bring about improvements in teacher education.

In preparation for writing his book Koerner visited sixty-three colleges and universities, where he studied programs of teacher education, examined the transcripts of students, observed classes, and talked with administrators, teachers, and students. He also read widely in the educational literature.

Although he makes firm recommendations, it is as a critic and analyst that Koerner is at his best. He has a sharp ear for plausible nonsense and is quick to see the flaws in unsubstantiated claims and false reasoning. He is skilled in forensics and writes vigorously and clearly. The fact that he is somewhat lacking in compassion also makes him more effective as a critic than a leader.

Much of the book consists of vigorous restatement of familiar fact and opinion, but some of the evidence is new, particularly that relating to the kinds of courses actually taken by students preparing to teach. When it is charged that too much time is devoted to professional courses, particularly those in methodology, the usual reply from educators is that certification requirements in most states include only eighteen to twenty-four semester-hours of professional work out of the 128 commonly required for a college degree. This is less than one-fifth of the total college program. The remainder presumably is available for gaining a liberal education and a scholarly knowledge of the subject to be taught. But Koerner cites evidence that the requirements laid down by the *colleges* include a much higher proportion of professional courses. And, by examining transcripts of about 900 graduates in thirty-two colleges, he discovered that the number of semester-hours in professional courses actually taken by future teachers averages 49.9 for elementary teachers and 27.6 for secondary teachers. This makes it clear that the time available for liberal education is considerably less than educators have said. Moreover, there is great variation among the colleges; in some colleges those preparing to teach in elementary schools spend half their time in professional courses.



In an effort to evaluate the quality of instruction in education courses, Koerner visited 200 classes in many colleges and universities. He cites numerous examples of insipid and puerile teaching, concludes that the instruction is very bad, and quotes the statements of students who share his opinion. As a broad generalization, his conclusion may be sound but it is not likely to change anyone's opinion. Those who share his views will applaud his condemnations; those who disagree will find good reasons to question his evidence and his qualifications for making such a judgment. Not many professors of *any* subject would care to have their work evaluated on the basis of a fifty-minute visit by a hostile critic whose low opinion of the subject being taught was on record long before the visit.

Of the textbooks used in education courses, Koerner says, "The first thing that strikes one in studying these texts is the scarcity of recognized authors. . . . the authors are generally educationists of no scholarly standing whatever." This is certainly true of some of them, but other textbooks used widely in education courses have been written by such people as Robert Ulich, Lawrence Cremin, H. G. Good, Edgar Knight, John Brubacher, Gordon Lee, and many others whose scholarly reputations are substantial whether or not they are "recognized" by Dr. Koerner. Two of the books most widely used in educational psychology are by Ernest Hilgard and Lee Cronbach, both past presidents of the American Psychological Association. Books by Whitehead, Dewey, James, and Rousseau are also frequently used. Koerner admits that there are some exceptions, but these books are too widely used to be called the exceptions.

Koerner is on safer ground when he says that the sequence of professional courses for teachers is badly organized and that there is far too much duplication of content in the textbooks used in different courses. He might correctly have said that *some* of the textbooks used are gaseous and that *some* of the

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courses in education are taught by individuals who lack a firm grounding in basic principles and consequently are prone to be anti-intellectual. The truth is bad enough—there is no need to exaggerate or to try to cut down the reputations of the many able people who teach professional courses and write the books used in them.

It is Koerner's opinion that there is no such thing as "Educational Psychology" or "Educational Philosophy"—there is only psychology and philosophy. Some experimental psychologists and some professors of "pure" philosophy would agree, but others would call this sheer academic arrogance. (Educationists who want to turn the tables may point out that many of the more traditional professors of history and literature doubt that there is any such discipline as "American studies"—the subject in which Koerner took his own doctorate.) But the problems of teacher education cannot be solved by quarreling about just where the lines between the disciplines should be drawn.

John Dewey once remarked that all other reforms in education depend on our success in improving the quality of personnel. Because of the enormous scope and complexity of our educational establishment, its leadership requires talent of the highest order and there is far too little of it available. The problem is circular. Among academic people the prestige of educators—with notable individual exceptions—is low, partly because too many people of limited ability have been admitted to the field. But so long as the academic world continues to be scornful of "educationists," the prestige remains low and this makes it difficult to attract the top-level leadership we need. Unfortunately, books such as *The Miseducation of Teachers* do not help to raise the prestige of educators.

Koerner cites evidence from cooperative studies of the test scores of graduate students in various departments and concludes that "educationists as a group are near the bottom of the academic ladder." Care must be taken not to draw conclusions about individuals in any field on the basis of comparative averages, but Koerner is right in saying, "Today one gets few nominations when he asks educationists themselves to name the 'scholars,' the 'powerful personalities,' or the men of 'real distinction' now leading the field of education." Thirty years ago it would have been easy to name at least a half-dozen. It appears to be true that professional education is no longer getting its share of talent.

In an effort to appraise the intelligence of teachers, Koerner joins many previous critics in distorting and mis-

Koerner's Recommendations

1. The remaining teachers colleges of the United States should be shut down, or converted to general purpose institutions, and those that have already been converted in name should move faster toward conversion in fact.

2. The regular four-year undergraduate program should remain the standard preparation for new teachers. The fifth-year programs should by all means be continued, especially the Master of Arts in Teaching programs, and encouraged, but the accelerating movement toward making five years of preparation mandatory for all new teachers is ill-advised.

3. Serious academic participation should be secured throughout teacher education. I would emphasize the "serious" and the "throughout." Too often the so-called "institution-wide" approach to teacher education becomes mere window dressing and too often the academic representation on policy-making bodies is perfunctory and thin.

4. Grade point averages for admission to, and retention in, the teacher education program should be substantially raised. Although grade averages are very fallible yardsticks and undoubtedly unjust on occasion, they are still the best instrument available for judging the potential of large numbers of students.

5. Undergraduate majors in education should be eliminated, and all teachers, including elementary teachers and special school personnel, should be required to major in an academic subject.

6. The time devoted in teacher-training programs to professional education should be restricted to state requirements. This would mean a national average of 18 semester hours in Education for secondary teachers and 24 for elementary teachers. . . . I believe these requirements are still too high, but there is not much chance of having them reduced. The least the training programs could do would be to avoid exceeding them as they almost always do now. The actual national average for elementary teachers . . . is 49 semester hours in pedagogy . . . for secondary teachers the average is 27 semester hours. . . .

7. Education courses that are derived directly from academic disciplines—such as those in educational psychology and in the history and philosophy of education—should be taught only by persons fully qualified to teach in the appropriate academic department of the same institution.

8. Conversely, persons whose graduate work has been in professional Education, and who have no recognized qualifications in an academic discipline, should not be allowed to teach academic courses.

9. If competent faculty cannot be secured to teach courses in methods—and most such courses are incompetently taught now—this work should be incorporated into the practice teaching program and form courses in the subject eliminated.

10. At the graduate level in professional Education, there should be a drastic reduction in the number of specialties and sub-specialties. . . . There is no defense for doctoral programs in, for example, Elementary School Administration, Curriculum Construction, Human Relations, Audio-Visual Aids, Educational Sociology, Recreation, or many others.

11. At least two-thirds of the work for *all* graduate degrees in Education (the Master of Arts in Teaching degree excepted, where it might be about half) should be done in liberal arts areas.

12. Dissertation and foreign language requirements should be greatly strengthened in graduate Education. . . . Also control over the graduate degrees, especially the doctorate, should not be lodged with the school of Education but with the graduate school of arts and sciences or its equivalent. Whether with the Ed.D. or the Ph.D. a dissertation should become a standard requirement, as it is with other doctoral programs.

13. Selection and admission procedures for graduate study in Education should be toughened. . . . Without the recruitment in the graduate programs of persons of greater talent and native ability than are now found there, the limits to which other long-range reforms can be carried in Education will quickly be reached.

—From *The Miseducation of Teachers.*

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interpreting the evidence. He reports the scores made by college students on the Selective Service College Qualification Test in 1951-53 in which those seeking "Education" as their major scored at the bottom. This bit of evidence has been kicking around for a long time and ought to be laid to rest because we now have a new generation entering teaching and because the study proved very little about the intelligence of teachers anyway. The only ones reporting their majors as "Education" were those preparing to teach physical education, industrial arts, and other nonacademic subjects, plus a few preparing to teach in the elementary school. Those preparing to teach mathematics, English, history, or science gave these subjects as their majors and are therefore not included in the statistics.

He also cites a study, made by Dael Wolfle in 1954, that has been widely quoted by those eager to prove that teachers are of low intelligence. But an examinaion of the data reveals that "Education" majors scored only two or three points (out of about 121) lower than those reporting their majors as "Biology," "History," and "Humanities" and they scored higher than those giving "Social Science" as their major. Koerner admits some of the defects in these studies but he then goes ahead and reports them as though they proved something about the intelligence of teachers today.

I, for one, would like very much to know more about the intellectual capacities of those entering teaching in all parts of the nation in 1963, but Koerner has little to contribute except a personal impression. My own impression, based partly on the students I teach—admittedly a small sample—is that the intellectual quality of those preparing to teach has risen sharply in recent years.

It still isn't high enough. Teachers ought to be drawn from among the most brilliant college students, but it seems clear that many of them are not. They are not likely to be until the rewards of teaching become commensurate with the responsibilities. But a considerable number of highly intelligent men and women enter teaching today, just as many have in the past, and nothing is gained by making it appear that teachers as a group are intellectually inferior.

Most of Koerner's recommendations (see box) seem to me to be sound. They have been made before by many people, including some professional educators, but the opposition remains strong and it is useful to have them restated in a book that will get wide attention.

Progress is being made toward achieving some of the changes Koerner recommends. Teachers colleges in all but a few states already have become general state colleges that prepare more teachers than they did as teachers colleges but offer stronger academic programs. Standards for admission and retention in programs for teacher education are rising in many places, but are not rising fast enough in the colleges that prepare the largest numbers of teachers. Most colleges now require an academic major for secondary teachers and some require it for all teachers. The time devoted to methodology has been reduced and in some cases incorporated into an internship but the amount still is excessive in many of the programs for elementary teachers. A growing number of the courses in educational psychology are now taught by psychologists, but most professors of history and philosophy still seem reluctant to attempt to apply their knowledge to educational problems.

At the graduate level most of the needed changes still lie ahead. Koerner says, "The doctor's transcripts show an incredible amount of duplication in courses; they often show poor performance in the undergraduate work and low or non-existent admission standards to the graduate programs. They show grades of 'C' with some frequency, particularly in the scattered academic courses [although] 'C' is universally considered below graduate standards." He points out, too, that it is possible to secure a master's degree and a doctor's degree in education by specializing in a trivial sub-area in which there is little content and no intellectual challenge.

A few graduate schools of education now hold to high standards for admission and graduation. But many of the largest ones do not, and it should be said that these are not the much maligned state teachers colleges but the schools of education in large private universities. If Koerner can persuade the "degree factories" to raise their standards he will have made a notable contribution to the improvement of the teaching profession. But he is only being a realist when he says, "The chances of changing graduate 'Education' are not very good."

—P.W.

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BOOK REVIEW

Looking Hard for Answers

The Catholic Campus, *by Edward Wakin (Macmillan. 204 pp. $3.95), reports on the rapid growth of Catholic colleges in the twentieth century, their present state, and future prospects in the U.S. George N. Shuster is assistant to the president of the University of Notre Dame and former president of Hunter College in New York City.*

By GEORGE N. SHUSTER

THE president of Fordham, in a preface to this book by his professor of communication arts, says that such universities as his bring "to a nearly discouraged world an awareness that there are things worth caring for in life—some of them more than life itself." At any rate, the individuality of the Catholic campus in America grows out of the fact that it is "committed"; and if you wish to see what happens as a result, Mr. Wakin's nine essays about eight selected institutions will be of interest. They are friendly and affirmative, as one would expect. But though the skeletons are not brought out of all the closets, the author does not suggest that none are there.

As a matter of fact, his final chapter of summation and analysis is pretty outspoken. Catholic higher education has been moving away at rapid strides from the older assumption that the "Faith" possessed the answer to every problem under the sun and toward the view that it had jolly well better look hard for answers. The modern American scholar, armed with a research kit and an insatiable desire to find a toadstool in every box of mushrooms, is taking over the premises, to the delight of the bright boys and girls and the dismay of relatively unreconstructed older professors and administrators.

Recently a Swiss-German theologian made a grand tour of institutions, urging the abolition of the Index of Forbidden Books and urging freedom of inquiry. The bright boys and girls shook the rafters with applause. This attitude is post-Hitler and Stalin, and now also subsequent to the first sessions of Vatican Council II. Not everybody has acquired it, and the ghost of the professor in question was duly exorcised by some.

It is easier to chronicle such general verities than it is to ferret them out on campuses. Mr. Wakin is an experienced reporter, and one can follow with pleasure his progress from the sturdy all-male campus of Notre Dame to the 180 acres of Marillac College, which is for nuns only. Naturally no such inquiries can resemble an academic visitation in depth, but they are easier to read and perhaps not given to more debatable conclusions. Only once, I think, does our author give the impression that he is being superficial, and that is perhaps understandable enough because the topic is the Catholic University of America. This is the "official" institution of higher learning and is actually a growing coeducational undergraduate college surrounded by a congeries of houses and seminaries belonging for the most part to religious orders, from which there emerge candidates for degrees in theology and other subjects. In order to form a sound opinion of such an establishment one would have to proceed from one house or seminary to another, interview the residents, and distill the essence of comment. This sort of endeavor would be an affair of years, though it might produce highly interesting conclusions. As matters stand, Mr. Wakin offers an impressionistic commentary on the undergraduate student body, the recorded conversation of which is not more stimulating than such talk with a stranger usually is.

Perhaps the three chapters most worth reading are those devoted to St. Louis University, Rosary College, and the new Marymount College of Virginia. That dealing with Notre Dame is good, too, but it seems to follow closely the pattern of a now famous *Time* article. It does manage to catch the drive that underlay Father Hesburgh's 1961 dictum: "I would rather see Notre Dame die than be educati ally mediocre." Reading about St. Lo University will introduce the reader, if he needs an introduction, to one of the best of the universities which the Jesuits have so laboriously created in great cities. These institutions, with the exception of Fordham, do not have much glamour and the medical schools they conduct tend to keep them poor. But there are always some excellent professors, many good courses, commendable libraries, and a number of promising students. One of the great gifts of Jesuit professors is their ability to popularize learning. They do not restrict their mission to the campus but try valiantly to serve a larger audience and so raise the standard of Catholic public opinion.

Rosary College, conducted by Dominican Sisters in a Chicago suburb, comes close to being a Catholic Mount Holyoke or Bryn Mawr. These nuns have a reputation for open-mindedness about everything except the work they expect from students. They are having a difficult time fending off the trend toward coeducation in the Middle West but if anyone can succeed, they probably will, granted that the supply of Catholic girls interested in a libe education does not diminish. Marymount College of Virginia is something else entirely—a junior college frankly out to corral girls who do not yearn for the intellectual life and see what can be done through a system that comes as close to being Oxford, methodologically speaking, as any place in the U.S. In this case the institution is the reflection of a gifted, determined woman.

The other papers discuss St. John's University, Collegeville, Minnesota, which is not a university at all but a college offering some good programs in the humanities and the social sciences, set in a bucolic environment and adorned with buildings designed by Marcel Breuer in his most modern mood; and Rosary Hill, a newly created Buffalo institution, the progress of which illustrates all the difficulties that beset the business of building a college. Mr. Wakin correctly concludes that something ought to be done to evaluate the total structure of Catholic higher education, so that if mediocrity cannot be weeded out remedial steps can be taken. There should be no doubt on one score. This education, while probably no worse than t' average in the United States, is on gradually beginning here and there to resemble the best. Meanwhile, the debate is in progress and the "commitment" stands.

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"Querelle des Femmes"

Continued from page 65

sheds light on her dilemma or guides her judgment. Maurice Valency states it well in his introduction to Giraudoux's dramas: "As men, we love Ondine [the ideal] always, but we cannot do without Bertha [the real]. We take Ondine into our arms, hoping to find Bertha. We marry Bertha, looking for Ondine." If we rephrase Valency's conclusion slightly, it becomes the utterly familiar story of the human being's search—whether male or female.

THE woman's task, then, as a member of the human race is to create her own identity, determine her life's direction, and find her own satisfactions and fulfillment as a person. She will make decisions as varied as those of men. And so we still find Corinnas going a-Maying and taking their pleasures as they come, curious Pandoras, trouble-making Helens in the inevitable triangle of love, ambitious Eves, and not a few who serve the muses on modern terms. There are, it seems, as many individual personalities as there are women and men.

Merely to recognize the natural existence of human frustration and the individual woman's responsibility for developing her own unique pattern of life, however, seems to beg the question of modern woman's unusual difficulties. And on these very difficulties the current version of the *querelle des femmes* centers. The question is how to help the growing number of ambitious Eves who have been highly educated—usually in a man's curriculum—and now, with sharpened mental powers, desire to use their abilities in the public domain. We are not here concerned with those distaff bearers whose compulsion toward employment is simply to buy the second automobile, a boat, or a new fur coat, or to escape the boredom of daily bridge. These lost souls must flounder as they will. But for those who wish to learn, contribute, and live more constructively we must have regard, and our society has need.

Several programs recently inaugurated have come to the aid of the serious, energetic woman. The most successful of the new schemes may well be those based realistically on biology and the time factor in a woman's life. Radcliffe's Institute for Individual Study is so planned, and various centers for "continuing education" are designed on the assumption that women, now marrying early, will have their children early, rear them, and return to pick up the threads of education while still comparatively young. And some projects attempt to assist the woman in carrying on intellectual endeavors part-time while her children are young. These are intended primarily as "holding operations" until she has time to pursue her interest more consistently. In all these programs the words recurring most frequently are flexible, individual, and independent. Whether the program is set up for the few highly gifted women as at Radcliffe, or for the larger group with widely varying abilities as at the Universities of Minnesota and Oklahoma, the emphasis lies on the need for individual patterns. Counseling services like those at Sarah Lawrence search for ways and means to implement planning for the individual woman.

TO facilitate job placement there now exists an Alumnae Advisory Center, (541 Madison Avenue, New York City) serving college graduates and exploring the business field for opportunities, including part-time work tailored to fit her requirements. Also the new President's Commission on the Status of Women aims to eradicate inequalities in the market for women. If all such efforts receive support, we may expect progress in solving the problems of our educated Eves desiring to play the dual role of mother and professional.

Within this compounded, perplexing problem, however, one feels the disturbed pulse of the American female. (Perhaps we should not use the national adjective because her predicament appears only to antedate what may be an increasing problem. Over half a million more French wives, too, have joined the working force in the last eight years and, of course, Russian women have assumed prominent positions in their society for some time.) In any case, the woman's personal, restless discontent is now felt publicly and hence raises issues of greater complexity that require deeper analysis.

Many have examined the nature of women's education to determine whether the unrest stems from mistakes and inadequacies in the schooling process. On this subject Margaret Mead has made discerning observations, suggesting that gender be taken into account in teaching women. She points out the heavy masculinity of approach in academic texts written largely by men, in teaching that generally employs metaphor devised by men through many centuries, and in the time schedule of the college program designed in the first place for men. She contends that sensible experimentation in these areas could help prevent the ambivalence that attacks women in mature years.

Few colleges have actually attempted such basic reforms; it is indeed difficult to imagine restating the intellectual heritage of the race to fit female characteristics. The time element and requirements in the course of study, however, can be adjusted more easily and these changes are already upon us. Of course, there are colleges like Sarah Lawrence and Bennington that have tried to fashion curricula according to women's interests, and these have proved especially effective in the creative arts. Stephens College offers a more integrated program of general education, including courses in home and family living, emphasis on religion and philosophy, and extracurricular activities as preparation for volunteer work and community service.

Still the majority of our college women have attended coeducational institutions and proved their abilities in the inherited curriculum. Perhaps someone knows whether the women educated in programs designed for them as women have less emotional tension later in their lives than those who attended the male-designed colleges. I know of no such evidence. Without it, and leaving the dark areas where their discontent may be engendered for others to explore, I return to my thesis of individual differences and pray for their continuance. Clearly no one solution is feasible or desirable either in the design of education or in the planning of vocational outlets. The answer can come only in flexibility, relaxed time schedules, variety of opportunities, and encouragement of individual, independent, nonconformist patterns. Women, not unlike men, must have the chance to develop their personal talents.

IN so doing, it may be helpful to remember our female literary ancestors from Beatrice and the Wife of Bath to the recent Clarissa Dalloway and Major Barbara. The paths are wider and more open for us today, the possibilities greater and more varied. But we are not the first to explore the question. To see ourselves in perspective is not to minimize the problems confronting us or the excitement of the personal challenge, but it provides a basis for consideration not without humor and not without suggestion. Thus, while we may smile at ourselves a bit as we recall our predecessors' struggles, we can also remember the gracious charm of the courtier's lady which need not be lost to modern society. The long view reminds us of a heritage—the eternal feminine—which we hope will prevail.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column Two should read: 7, 5, 9, 1, 3, 11, 6, 2, 12, 8, 4, 10.

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NO ONE EVER WRITES TO SONG NYU

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Change and Challenge

Continued from page 70

materialistic plane, Adlai Stevenson told the 1955 Smith graduating class that modern women's participation in politics should be through their role as wives and mothers. "This assignment . . . you can do in the living room with a baby in your lap or in the kitchen with a can opener in your hand. If you're clever, maybe you can even practice your saving arts on that unsuspecting man while he's watching television. I think there is much you can do about our crisis in the humble role of housewife. I could wish you no better vocation than that."

These signs of the times were not lost on educators, some of whom accommodated proportionately greater shares of their curricula to the household arts. Lynn White, former president of Mills College, epitomized the philosophy that homemaking should be the goal of higher education for women through courses related to "family, food, beauty and warmth, shelter and security." He quoted one woman as saying, "I do not believe that either women or Negroes should be educated. It can only make them more unhappy than in any case they must be."

It can hardly surprise us that girls and their parents have not been immune to this pervasive climate. The monumental volume, *The American College*, disclosed these facts: ". . . Only a small portion of the girls who strive for and presumably enter college are motivated to succeed in the academic aspect of college life. This means that from the outset their concerns in college are eccentric to the curriculum. They frequently treat the curriculum as something to be endured rather than a source of potential fulfillment. Furthermore, this group of students is rarely motivated by career possibilities that would justify a modicum of rational planning of courses and vigorous academic effort. . . . The curricula of many colleges cater to these students and many of their more determined sisters by being either very narrow and specialized (institutional dietetics, adolescent women's physical education) or by providing a very broad and unfocused potpourri of the liberal arts."

In the Vassar study in 1956 it was noted that Vassar students "are . . . convinced that the wrongs of society will gradually right themselves with little or no direct intervention on the part of women college students. . . . Vassar girls, by and large, do not expect to achieve fame, make an enduring contribution to society, pioneer any frontiers. . . ."

These findings have been confirmed by studies of many institutions. The 59 per cent national dropout rate for women and the substitution of social prestige for intellectual development as primary motivation for attending college — a substitution encouraged by the students' parents — speak for themselves.

Fortunately, the story does not end here. The loyal opposition, which has rejected as irrelevant, specious, and even mischievous the neo-traditionalist doctrine that woman's place is exclusively in the home, has been quietly garnering victories. Despite the thundering hoofs of women stampeding back to the nest, not every college woman feels all is lost if she is not married by the age of twenty, and pregnant either before or soon after. Not every university has ordered its curriculum for women centered in the nurturing arts. Not every faculty member discourages a woman from majoring in his department or refuses to employ her on the grounds that her motivation is vacillating and fickle. There are even some parents who blush with pride, not with alarm, at their daughter's Phi Beta Kappa key.

AND now, marching to the aid of these beleaguered outposts, are the forces of a society in stress. The battle is by no means won, but at least it is joined and the tide rises. Here is some of the evidence: 1) Studies are under way to enable us to identify the talented boy or girl and to seek answers to the baffling problem of motivation; 2) We are awakening to the fact that the revolutions in public health and technology, which have extended the life span, raised living standards, and produced labor-saving devices, have precipitated complementary revolutions in the life patterns of women, with the result that increasing numbers are ready, willing, and able to combine their housekeeping function with other roles; 3) Educators are experimenting with programs of sustained, or continuing education for women, in response to society's urgent need for qualified manpower — and womanpower — and in response to the desperate appeals of thousands of mature women for whom the role of housewife by itself simply is not enough; 4) A growing number of women students are determined that education shall not be a hiatus in life but a preparation for life.

If these trends continue, if our affluence is not wrecked on the shoals of a new depression, if we escape a third world war, then an atmosphere friendly to the aspirations of women will spread. To the extent that early marriage and large families are evidences of personal insecurity, it is possible that in a more

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hospitable climate the average age for marriage will be revised upward, the average number of children downward.

But this glimpse into an "iffy" future should not lure us into false optimism about the present. Notwithstanding auguries of hope, there exists still a strong undertow of resistance to what we might happily call the enlightened emancipation of women as human beings. All the currents and crosscurrents emphasize the point made earlier: Those in our culture who have accepted the fact of women's multiple roles are still groping toward a consensus as to its bearing on the college curriculum and on women's participation in society. Perhaps the basic question we must ask is whether we should ever expect agreement here, inasmuch as this is an area that touches on the subtle interrelations and roles of the two sexes. As Margaret Mead pointed out in *Male and Female*, ". . . It is of very doubtful value to enlist the gifts of women if bringing women into fields that have been defined as male frightens the men, unsexes the women, muffles and distorts the contribution the women could make . . ."

And yet — and yet — is this a viable approach to life in 1963? Or is it a myth, reaching back for sanction to the taboos of a pre-nuclear society that could afford, as ours cannot, to restrict the potential contributions of about half of its population for no other reason than sex? Should the occupational boundaries of a woman's life be determined by the fact that certain vocations lend themselves more readily to her ministrations? If this is the measure of our reach then will not the epitaph of our culture perhaps be that a people possessed of the genius to break the genetic code were themselves broken on the wheel of habit?

In a day of momentous change, a major challenge to the educated woman, and to education itself, is to build on the wondrous diversity inherent in the stages of women's lives. We cannot do this if our mood as students, as educators, as women, as employers, is one of frustration over the complexities and interruptions in women's roles. Whenever we force women into a curriculum designed for the life patterns of men or, conversely, into one centered on woman's role as wife and mother; whenever we counsel women against entering an occupation on the grounds that it is not suitable or customary, or that it is new and therefore a man's field; whenever we discriminate against the employment of women because they are women or because their part-time availability at certain stages in their lives upsets the traditional routine of a male-oriented economy — whenever we follow these, or similar easy-way-out patterns, we demonstrate our rigidity and lack of imagination, we do violence to the democratic concept of individual worth, and we impoverish society.

But there is a challenge still greater than this. We received a letter recently from a forty-year-old wife and mother who had just completed her first semester of graduate study under the AAUW Educational Foundation's College Faculty Program. She is one of hundreds of mature women who are picking up the threads of their education after an interval of years. She wrote: "I feel . . . launched on the most glorious experience of my life and the excitement and adventure of it, not to mention the work, continue to challenge my fullest creative energy. My basic human need to grow is being fulfilled."

"The basic human need to grow": Does this not pose the paramount challenge to education for women, and to the roles they will assume in the course of a thousand tomorrows? It is a challenge related to their sex, but ultimately transcends it. Because women, too, are human, and they, too, must grow.

College Programs for Mature Women

MANY COLLEGES AND UNIVERSITIES across the country are making their facilities available to mature women who wish to renew interrupted undergraduate study or continue their education on a professional or graduate level. Some institutions offer merely counseling services, while others, such as Radcliffe and Sarah Lawrence, have programs specifically created for mature women. Many of the programs offer college credit; others are non-credit. Some are designed for women only, while many are directed to adults of either sex. The following colleges and universities have reported such programs to "Women's Education," a publication of the American Association of University Women.

University of Akron, Akron 4, Ohio
Barnard College, New York 27, New York
Brooklyn College, Brooklyn 10, New York
Chatham College, Pittsburgh 32, Pennsylvania
University of Cincinnati, Cincinnati 21, Ohio
University of Dayton, Dayton 9, Ohio
Goddard College, Plainfield, Vermont
University of Kentucky, Lexington, Kentucky
Lindenwood College for Women, St. Charles, Missouri
Margaret Morrison Carnegie College, Pittsburgh 13, Pennsylvania
Marquette University, Milwaukee 3, Wisconsin
Mary Baldwin College, Staunton, Virginia
Milwaukee-Downer College, Milwaukee, Wisconsin
University of Minnesota, Minneapolis 14, Minnesota
Monterey Peninsula College, Monterey, California
Mount Holyoke College, South Hadley, Massachusetts
University of Nebraska, Lincoln 8, Nebraska
New School For Social Research, New York 11, New York
Northeastern University, Boston 15, Massachusetts
University of Oklahoma, Norman, Oklahoma
Pacific Oaks College, Pasadena, California
University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia 4, Pennsylvania
Radcliffe College, Cambridge 38, Massachusetts
Roosevelt University, Chicago 5, Illinois
Rutgers University, New Brunswick, New Jersey
St. Joseph's College For Women, Brooklyn 5, New York
Sarah Lawrence College, Bronxville 8, New York
Southern University and Agricultural and Mechanical College, Baton Rouge, Louisiana
Southwestern at Memphis, Memphis 12, Tennessee
State Teachers College at Towson, Baltimore 4, Maryland
Stephens College, Columbia, Missouri
Syracuse University, Syracuse 10, New York
University of Toledo, Toledo 6, Ohio
Tulane University, New Orleans 12, Louisiana
Tuskegee Institute, Tuskegee Institute, Alabama
Western Reserve University, Cleveland 6, Ohio
Wisconsin State College and Institute of Technology, Platteville, Wisconsin
University of Wisconsin, Madison

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False Economies

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surroundings. Let us assume that air-conditioning costs from 75 cents to $1.25 per square foot over the cost of a good heating system. Is it not worthwhile for a few cents over and above the cost of a non-air-conditioned building, to buy comfort that leads to better performance? Industrialists, business men, and even preachers consider this small difference in construction cost a bargain. Unfortunately, school people are having a very difficult time convincing taxpayers of this fact, even in the Southwestern "air-conditioned" cities.

IF we really wanted efficiency, not only would we increase the budget slightly to provide air-conditioned teaching spaces, but we would go to a twelve-month year and increase our plant utilization. Such a plan would buy a lot of education. If this happens, the opponents of air-conditioning won't have a leg to stand on. Even now, however, with a nine-month school year, their legs are rather wobbly. For example, my firm built an air-conditioned school near Chicago. Not long ago, I was in the school when it was 35 degrees outside. Of course, the school space was being heated. However, at least one-third of the school was being air-conditioned at the same time. We should remember that when a large number of people get together, an enormous amount of heat is created. Each pupil is a little stove, and together they generate a lot of heat. The problem of thermal comfort, even in the wintertime, is not heating the air, but cooling it.

Another controversial subject relating to economy in school construction concerns windowless schools. Many self-proclaimed experts tell us that if you leave out windows, most of your problems in schoolhouse construction are eliminated.

Assume for the moment that these people are right. For some learning experiences, windowless teaching spaces are very desirable, as in the case of a large gathering in a short-period assembly situation. But for prolonged learning activities, how do the highly confined spaces affect the children? Thoughtful educators ask: does the child, who must spend so much time in a windowless environment, experience psychological losses? If so, does the also questionable economic gain from such a construction, compensate for these? The proponents of windowless schools say factory and office workers fare well in windowless buildings. The debate on windowless offices and industrial buildings has been going on since World War II, with no apparent winner. But a school is neither an office building nor a factory. It is filled with little people, not big people.

The length of time differs for a school child and an adult. The experience of time for a ten-year-old boy is over three times as great as that of his forty-year-old father. To a man 40 years old, one year obviously represents one-fortieth of his life, while to his son of ten, a year represents one-tenth of his life, and so on.

According to this theory, the pupil spends much more time in the classroom than we realize. A ten-year old boy spends 18 hours a day in school—at least, it seems 18 hours a day to him, and it really is, both physically and psychologically. I suspect that to stay in a windowless environment that long does the child no good. So, even if windowless schools cost less than schools with windows, which in my opinion isn't true, it would be better to pay a little more for an environment that is healthful and stimulating to the learner.

BECAUSE of increasingly higher taxes being imposed on taxpayers and their consequent reluctance to agree to anything that adds to this burden, including school costs, we must continue our search for more economical ways to build schools, because good schools are truly economical. There is beauty in economy. To see a long distance runner in action, devoid of wasted motion, a thing of beauty. To see an airplane with just what it takes to fly and no more, gives one a certain aesthetic pleasure. To hear a simple melody, free of extravagance, is a soul-satisfying experience. And so it is with architecture.

Recently, after seeing one of our schools for the first time, my partner, Wallie Scott, described it thus: "It's a lean, clean design." Lean and clean to him is about the nicest compliment one can pay a building. It's a building without fat—structural and educational fat. Lean and clean, to Scott, means not too heavy, not too light—just right. It means a building scraped of all excess, free of vestigial remains, and void of pseudo-scientific sun controls that have been installed not really to keep out the sun, but to conceal bad architecture. It has been economically engineered with just enough steel and concrete to do the structural job; it has been thoughtfully designed to do the educational job expected of it. It is a building designed to give the client the most for his money. It is a lean, handsome covering *and* a machine that works. In a school house built lean and clean, there is no false economy.

Saturday Afternoon

By Larry Rubin

ROLLING off the freeway, the football crowd
Got tangled with a funeral, diluting
Death till only the hearse could find the road.
The cars with lights got lost amidst the rush
To kickoff time, and whether some lucky
Mourners found themselves in bleacher seats
The Sunday papers never said. Absence
Is a minor thing, at funerals.

Yet touchdowns aren't really less eternal.
Tackles fall and ovals fly, yet something
In the autumn air isn't like a game.
The cheers roll on to victory, the poles
Come down, the hero slides off the shoulders
Of the crowd. Somewhere above the stadium
The shouts dissolve, and all the players dash
Through a little door, hidden in
A cellar wall. Beyond the line of scrimmage

An early dusk means headlights must go on,
All the same. Some may have missed the first
Handful of dirt, but there was sod enough
Upon that measured field; only buried
Captains know how many cubic yards.

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(Continued from page 85)

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80s, OFF CPW. Furnished 5 rooms, June 15th-September 15th, $160. Convenient schools and midtown. TRafalgar 3-5752 NYC.

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(Continued on page 88)

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(Continued from page 87)

CAMPS

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VACATIONS

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VACATIONS

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AKERMAN HOUSE. Newfound Lake. Real hospitality in a country setting. Near sandy bathing beaches. Ideal for families. Some rooms with bath. Reasonable rates include three delicious meals daily. Bristol, New Hampshire. Telephone 4-5734.

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VACATIONS

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VACATIONS

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TRAVEL

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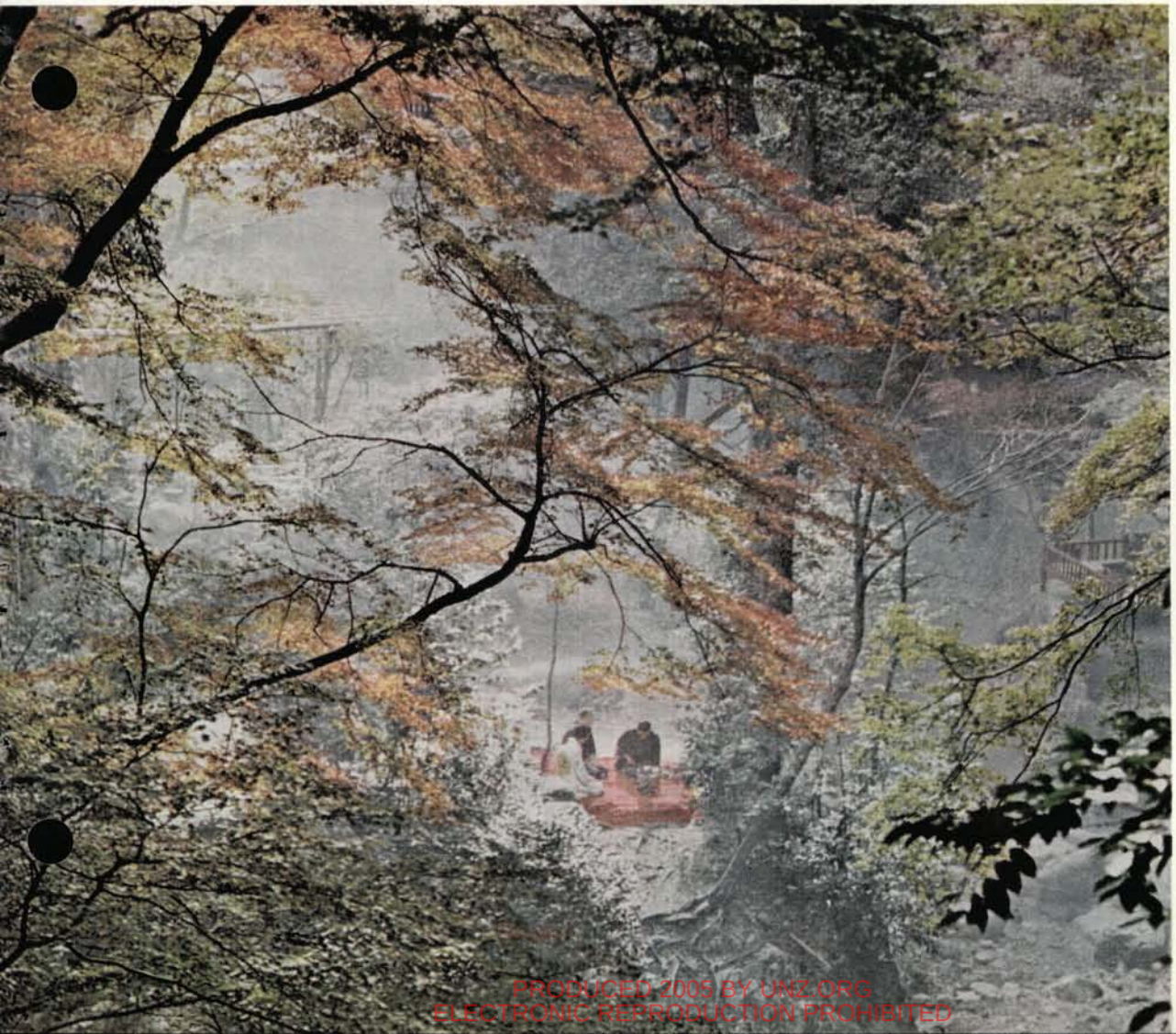

Autumn finery enhances an outdoor tea ceremony

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